

Sports Illustrated

JULY 10, 1961

25 CENTS

WORLD TENNIS CRISIS



FUN FUN NEW
 FUN NEW FUN
 NEW FUN FUN
 FUN FUN FUN
 FUN FUN FUN

NEW NEW NEW SPRITE

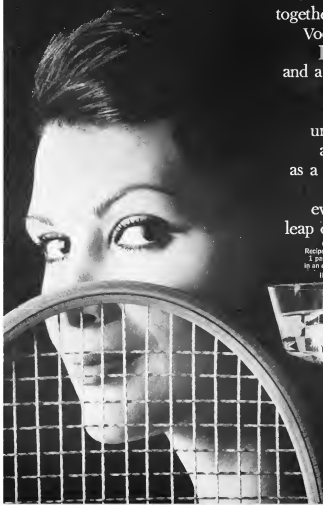


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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by TIME Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill., except one issue a year and. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class matter by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$6.75 a year. This issue published in Russian and separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions numbered or allowed for as follows: ENGLISH-SPANISH, ES1-ES6; NEDERLANDS-ENGLISH, MW1-MW4.



ON THE COVER

As Artist Edward Sorel depicts the cross in terms, Amateurs Laver, Fraser, Seola, Emerson and Pietrangeli clamor for the attention of Borotra from one silver cup (left), while Pros Buchholz, Gottscho, Segura, Hoad and MacKay cluster in another. The powers that run tennis stand still in the middle.

Next week

An extraordinary investigation into the sordid background of Boxer Sonny Liston sheds light on whether or not this controversial figure deserves to have a shot at the heavyweight title.

As the U.S. track team leaves for Europe, a comparison with its foreign foes shows where it should win and where (for example, against Russia's Valer Brumel) it will likely lose.



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FORD V-8

SCORECARD

HEMINGWAY

Ernest Hemingway was a man of courage who wrote magnificently about brave men. Whatever he did, as sportsman or writer, he did with verve and without conformity. Wherever he went—hunting in Africa, fishing in the Caribbean, to the bullfights in Spain—he enjoyed himself. He took much from life, but like all great artists he gave extraordinary pleasure in return.

ERROR OF JUDGMENT

Sonny Liston has been exonerated in his latest brush with the law (19th arrest since 1950) and therefore is eligible to fight for the heavyweight title.

Philadelphia Magistrate E. David Keiser heard the evidence against Liston and co-defendant Isaac Cooper that they had chased Mrs. Delores Ellis in their car through a lonely stretch of a city park in the predawn hours of June 12, had shone a spotlight in her face, forced her car to a stop and ordered her out of it, and had driven away at high speed, with their lights out, when a park guard approached to investigate. Liston's manager, George Katz, said that Liston and Cooper were doing road work in the park, at his orders—apparently a light workout, be-

hind the wheel. In dismissing the charges, Magistrate Keiser ruled that Liston was guilty only of "errors of judgment."

The same day, the headmaster of a boys' school in Connecticut was appearing before a Hartford judge on charges of cruel treatment of his pupils. He admitted disciplining one boy by putting him in a gas-operated clothes dryer and turning the machine on. He left court with a \$50 fine and a suspended sentence because he was only guilty, the judge ruled, of an "error of judgment."

These cases, we believe, signal a milestone in jurisprudence. Such classic determinations as "guilty," "innocent," or "not guilty" may be replaced in all courts and all cases by "slightly guilty because of error of judgment." Frankie Carbo should have had the benefit of this one.

BY GUM

Rugby in New Zealand is rough, and officials are trying to curb the mayhem. One player named Bob Lysaght was reprimanded recently by a referee for biting an opposing player. Admitting the fault, Lysaght said earnestly in his defense. "It wasn't as bad as it looked, sir. I didn't have my top teeth in."

BASKETBALL SCANDAL (CONT.)

The University of Detroit, already upset by New York District Attorney Frank Hogan's disclosure that two of its basketball stars took money from gamblers to shave points, got an even ruder shock the other day. The two players told a *Detroit News* reporter that they had been receiving under-the-table payments from alumni for their basketball services.

Charlie North, a junior, and John Morgan, a sophomore, described how a letter mysteriously appeared in their mailboxes on the first and 15th of every month. It contained money. How much? "Twenty dollars," said North. "But it wasn't from the school," added Morgan. "It was from the alumni."

North and Morgan had previously admitted they each took \$50 from gamblers last December. Earlier in 1960 the gamblers had written two letters to them. The players gave the letters to their coach, Bob Calhan. He in turn gave them to Detroit's part-time athletic director, John Mulroy. Mulroy apparently did nothing. The two players, according to Hogan, were again contacted by gamblers, and later they allegedly tried to dump the Detroit-Ohio State game.

On June 16, North and Morgan were expelled from school—after taking final examinations—for "admitted contacts with gamblers." It was not until after that, and thus conveniently long after the basketball season, that the gamblers' letters were revealed.

The NCAA is investigating, and, as usual, is refusing to admit that it is. Both the school and its alumni organization

continued

THE BUTLER DID IT—AND SO DID SEVEN OTHER HORSES

For the first time, last Friday, an entire field of eight horses paced the mile in under two minutes on a half-mile track. This is equivalent to a field of eight track men running a mile

in under four minutes. The film-patrol photo shows the eight at Roosevelt Raceway in the winner, Adios Butler, crossed the wire, equaling the world record of 1:57.4. Others are No. 3,

Aymat, 1:58.3; No. 8, False Step, 1:58.1; No. 1, Newport Admiral, 1:58.4; No. 7, Tin Boy, 1:59; No. 2, Mr. Budlong, 1:59; No. 5, Stephen Smith, 1:59.1; No. 6, Countess Adios, 1:59.1



are disclaiming any knowledge of the monthly \$40 payments to the players. Mulroy and the University president, the Very Rev. Laurence V. Britt, S.J., are both in Detroit and at their jobs, but neither is answering the phone or talking to callers about the case.

The NCAA also should be interested in the development of North and Morgan as college players. Though they were local boys, neither had good enough grades to attend Detroit. So they went—or, rather, were sent by a benefactor—to Coalinga Junior College in California. When their grades improved, they transferred to Detroit.

The NCAA might also look into the six-year-old Gus Dorais Memorial Foundation, an association of 250 Detroit alumni, which annually supplies the school with \$25,000 for scholarships for incoming freshman athletes. Detroit's expanding football aspirations (Army and Navy are scheduled for this fall) are helped by this group.

HOW MUCH HU HU?

At this moment, in the middle of the Los Angeles-to-Honolulu race, there is a boat called *No Hu Hu*. In Chinese-Hawaiian dialect, *no hu hu* means no sweat. Now, in the Honolulu race, there is usually a great deal of *hu hu*, especially on the part of the navigator, who has about 12 days and 2,230 miles of wide, unmarked ocean in which to make irretrievable blunders. But if any boat ever sails a perfect line to Honolulu, it should be *No Hu Hu*. Her course has been plotted not by a mere human but by IBM solid-state (no electronic tubes) computer No. 1620.

Is this unfair? Probably not. The fact that the 1620 is a solid-state machine qualifies it from the outset, since the minds of many navigators seem to achieve a solid state somewhere about mid-race. Two boats, one in 1906 and another in 1926, managed to pass Honolulu without sighting the finish line, and one of them missed the island of Oahu altogether; another racer (1957) once reported her position three miles inland in the desert behind Ensenada, Mexico.

The machine seems able to correlate its experiences and draw a conclusion. Fed bushels of data from past races, it whirled and hummed and belched out an ideal course, with alternate courses on a 5° basis. How did the 1620 muster this decisive attitude in a sport of such

ultimate chance as ocean racing? "Well," said an earnest young executive at IBM's central command post in New York, "it's really a kind of optimized simulation program. What we're using here is matrix inversion."

Such voluptuous phrasing should encourage sailors on *No Hu Hu*'s rivals, since this is the way real navigators always talk. Example: "I got a cross-fix last night on Aldebaran and Sagittarius in the northern quadrant of the Pleiades." Lay translation: "We're lost."

STAY-AT-HOMES

Because of dissatisfaction with the Amateur Athletic Union and its policies—some of the points of dissatisfaction are almost as old as the policies—or because they feel it unwise to abandon jobs and families for 3½ weeks, some of America's best track-and-field athletes have decided to pass up this month's European tour. It is unfortunate that our very best team will not represent us in Moscow, Stuttgart, London and Warsaw—particularly in Moscow—but it is not a thing over which one should shed a bucket of tears.

Those who have announced that they will stay behind are Hal Connolly and Al Hall, hammer throw; Dallas Long and Parry O'Brien, shotput; Al Oerter and Rink Babka, discus throw; Ron Morris, pole vault; Otis Davis, 400-meter run; and Bill Alley, javelin. Some of them have very good reasons for turning down the trip; the others have reasons good enough to satisfy themselves. In any event, it is their right and privilege to remain at home.

Some people feel that the U.S. vs. U.S.S.R. dual meet is more an instrument of international politics than a rousing test of international athletic skill. If they are right, then the State Department, not the AAU, should run the tour. The State Department should intercede with employers and wives, the State Department should reimburse athletes for time lost at their jobs, the State Department should furnish jet transportation instead of propellers and enough fresh milk and thick steaks and green vegetables and comfortable beds to keep everyone wreathed in smiles. But so long as these events are athletic and not political, the AAU will run the tour—probably just as it always has, regretfully—and those who choose to withstand the bumbling arrangements and hardships can go along, with honor and glory and occasional dysentery as their

reward. The rest can continue to say no, thanks.

There is one other point worth raising. The U.S. team that is going is not weak; neither is it appreciably weaker than it might have been. While not all of the replacements for the men who have withdrawn are in the same class, in almost every case the replacement is better than the Russian opposition. The U.S. still has a ton of shotputters better than anything the Russians have, a skyful of 15-foot vaulters, the best discus thrower in the world this year and several quarter-milers capable of running red, white and blue rings around their Soviet Union opponents. Only the loss of Connolly can be considered a serious blow, for sometimes Connolly is better than the Russians. Sometimes—as at Rome last summer or at Philadelphia in '59—he is not.

In the two previous dual meets, our men defeated the Russian men quite handsily. They probably will do it again. If they don't—well, that's what sporting competition is all about. No *hara-kuri*, please.

HORNLESS OLEENNA

Brigitte (how the name catches the eye!) is a goat. Or maybe a sheep. You wouldn't think this made much difference in sporting circles. But it makes a great deal of difference to Krasovie, whose best friend Brigitte is, and to the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Raoul Van Rillas, owner of Krasovie, the fastest trotting mare in France, claims Brigitte is a sheep—a St. Cloud mountain sheep. (There is no doubt about Brigitte's sex.) The people at Roosevelt Raceway, where Krasovie will race on July 15 in the International Trot, also say Brigitte is a sheep. On the other hand, Brigitte looks like a goat. The other day she butted a photographer in the manner of a goat—despite the fact that she has no horns.

All this would be academic except for two things—U.S. policy regarding goats and Krasovie's touching friendship for Brigitte. Under certain conditions, it seems, the U.S. will let sheep into this country, but we are very tough on goats. It has to do with the likelihood that goats carry hoof-and-mouth disease. Anyway, Brigitte was not allowed to get on the plane from Paris last week. So Krasovie came to this country without her friend.

Now bedded down at Roosevelt Raceway, Krasovie is very gloomy without

continued



**Will he be
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like
Don Budge?**

When lanky Don Budge entered the Davis Cup contest in 1937, the trophy had been gone from America for 10 years. Almost single-handed, he brought it back. And that was just the beginning of his amazing string of tennis triumphs.

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if we are to meet the challenges which face us today. They recognize the fitness of our children and young people as the responsibility of all of us.

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FACES IN THE CROWD

MARGARETA NYLANDER, 14, of Sweden, crushed a world record and astounded swimmers at Uppsala, Sweden, when she won her best 1,500-meter race in 19:02.8, dipping more than 20 seconds off record set in the same 50-meter pool.



JOE LEONARD of San Jose, Calif., three times national motorcycle champion, hit speeds of 95 mph on hills and straightaways, set track record of 1:40.53.13 for 100 miles to win American Motorcycle Association race at Lucasia, N.H.



TORY FRETZ, tall, blond, 18-year-old Occidental College co-ed from Harnsburg, Pa., upset first-seeded Sue Belcher of Long Beach State College, Calif. 7-5, 6-2 to win U.S.T.A.'s Collegiate Women's title in St. Louis. She shared in the doubles title.



BILL CANTRELL of Detroit piloted a boozing *Gale V* over choppy Detroit River on an average speed of 48.39 mph to win the city's Memorial Regatta for unlimited hydroplanes. In second place was Bob Hayward of Canada's *Moss Supercat II*.



NORMIE BARDILL of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., defending national women's water-ski champion, captured the Masters' title at meet in Pine Mountain, Ga., by placing first in tricks, second in jumping and third in slalom for 2,653 points.



BUDDY GORE, 16-year-old pitcher in Wilmington, N.C. Pony League, fared no-better against the Southport, N.C. team but lost 8-3. Gore walked nine men, his catcher was charged with seven passed balls, Southport stole 10 bases.



SCORECARD

Brigitte—and this worries a lot of people because Kracovic was a very ordinary trotter till she met Brigitte. Then she won nine out of 13 races. She doesn't eat much, and she either ignores or kicks the box out of well-meaning goats that the raceway people, with all the good will in the world, foist on her as Brigitte. Local residents say they are getting up a petition to the Secretary of Agriculture to allow Brigitte to enter the U.S. We'll sign it. We don't know if Brigitte is a goat who thinks she is a sheep or a sheep who thinks she is a goat. The important thing is, let's make Kracovic happy.

FRIENDLY FIGHT

Minutes before the start of the Harold Johnson-Eddie Machen heavyweight fight in Atlantic City last Saturday, a television crewman got out a cue card, which announced: "Don't go away, folks. We'll bring you another bout in just a minute." This message is read in the event of a first-round knockout, always a sponsor's nightmare. As it developed, the television boys didn't have a thing to worry about. There would be no knockout in Atlantic City.

It was a friendly little fight between two careful men. Both jabbed and jabbed and jabbed, reserving their right hands, perhaps, for handshakes. When the 10 rounds were over, Referee Paul Cavalier, the only official, awarded the fight to Johnson, 5-4-1, though he might just as easily have called it a draw.

The fight was held in the 43,000-seat Convention Hall, where the Miss America contests take place. ("Now, there's real excitement," said a man.) A huge green curtain divided the hall in half, but even so the shouts and, eventually, boos of the 3,500-plus fans sounded like lost voices in a dark cave.

There was a flicker of excitement in the fifth round when Machen opened a gash over Johnson's right eye. "It was a butt that did it," said Johnson later. "A jab," said Machen. As Machen moved in to press his advantage, his own right eye began to twitch violently, and he had to back off. "It felt like a hot poker had been stuck in there," he said. "I thought my eye fell out. He got me with his thumb." "It was a right hook," said Johnson. "A hook?" said Machen. "Maybe he hooks with his thumb. I don't know."

Later, returning from his shower,

Johnson bumped into Machen in the hallway. Each whispered something in the other's ear, and then both chuckled like a pair of schoolboys. "Nice fight," said Johnson as they parted. "Nice clean fight."

TIDY SHOW

Around the bend at the race course at Bridgehampton, Long Island a white Austin-Healey whips into view, drifting wide at high speed. Tires shriek, water sprays from the wet track, the rear end slews out farther and farther in a wide spin and the car shudders to a halt. The door snaps open, a natty, white-helmeted figure steps out, and up to the camera strides Professor Stirling Moss, Doctor of the Science of Motor Racing, to introduce to the viewers of the morning television show *Today* a most unusual filmed course on driving.

Moss is a cool, cool man behind the wheel, and his coolness is intimately demonstrated in this cockpit look at a master driver performing his skills at speed. The film, which will be shown on *Today* Wednesday, July 12, was shot by cameras mounted from, rear and on the side of his car. The sequences show the car whizzing in and out of turns, the speed-blurred track, Moss's handling of the steering wheel, each quick flick of the gear shift, the tires sliding, spinning, gripping the asphalt. And all the while, with the easy detachment of a lecturer at a ladies' tea, Moss explains the finer points that make race driving the precise science that it is, rather than the harum-scarum chase it is often thought to be.

Sample: Dick Thompson (fourth at Le Mans this year) slides into view in another car. "Dick will show us now," says Moss, "some things that are wrong and some that are right. Watch how he takes that turn ahead. He's swinging too wide now. See how he has to cut back in to make it? Well, he's through, but that was most untidy."

Most striking of all is Moss's demonstration that a car's controls do odd things at high speeds. The throttle, in a turn, controls the steering: the steering wheel, if used excessively, doesn't steer at all. In a climactic sequence, with his car coming down the stretch, Moss suddenly whaps the wheel hard over, to full lock, and with a dreadful scream the front wheels slide and slide as the car snowplows straight ahead, coming to rest right in front of the camera.

A tidy show, Professor.



As a
tasteful
house
gift,
birthday
or
anniversary
present—or
simply
as an
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OPEN THE DOOR, STOCKHOLM!

Will amateur tennis officials authorize open tournaments when they meet in Sweden next week? From Wimbledon, Martin Kane reports on the deepening tennis crisis and its probable outcome

by MARTIN KANE

By long-accepted tradition, the annual contest at the All-England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club at Wimbledon is the world's top tennis tournament. Up to 1918, in fact, Wimbledon was officially acknowledged as the world championships, and it is still referred to simply as "the championships." Last week, however, the most significant fact about the championships was that the man with the best right to be called champion—Richard (Pancho) Gonzales, the supple, seasoned athlete at left—was not playing in them. He wasn't allowed to because of the brassy fact that he takes money for playing tennis and admits it.

To the casual observer the prestige of Wimbledon and its famed Centre Court seemed relatively undamaged as the 75th championships got under way. Wimbledon is a social obligation to most Britons and even if one doesn't care to watch tennis, one hardly dares miss the chance of watching dukes and duchesses watching tennis. They always are there, just as they were last week.

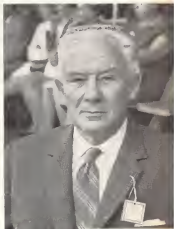
But for those to whom tennis is the game, rather than gawking, what mat-

tered was not the people who were at Wimbledon but the people who weren't: the dozen or more professionals under contract to Professional Promoter Jack Kramer. Since they include most of the finest tennis players in the world, a tournament without them—even "the championship"—could at best be only second-best. At all the top amateur tournaments, the quality of play has diminished steadily with each passing year as Kramer has dropped in—some say on a broomstick—to sign up the most promising of the amateurs for his troupe of barnstorming professionals.

Lackluster

Even the players at Wimbledon last week seemed to have only a lackluster concern with the amateur game. After a long and presumably profitable career as the top amateur, Defending Champion Neale Fraser, contemplating retirement, was eliminated in the fourth round by England's unseeded Bobby Wilson. Among the women, U.S. champion Darlene Hard thought so little of Wimbledon that she preferred to remain behind in Paris nursing last year's Wimbledon

continued



OBSTINATE AUSTRALIAN Norman Strange, alone among the leaders of the four big tennis nations, is determined to resist changes in the present amateur game

winner, Maria Bueno, through a bout of jaundice. Roy Emerson and Rod Laver definitely want to turn pro, and many lesser players on the male side were competing less for amateur acclaim than for a possible, though unlikely, nod from the pro promoter. But since Kramer already has 19 pros, mostly from the top level, under contract, he seemed far from anxious to buy any more from the lower shelves. Moreover, some of his own pros are now complaining that they made more money as amateurs. The sad fact is that while Jack Kramer's raids on the ladder have made amateur tennis thin, they have made professional tennis no fatter, and both sides are suffering from serious malnutrition.

To many the clear answer to this dilemma lies in open competition between amateurs and professionals. Chairman Herman David and the rest of the tough-minded men who run Wimbledon consider open play inevitable and they are willing and even anxious to throw their own prestigious tournament open to the pros without further delay. The British already have sent a formal request to the International Federation for permission to make next year's Wim-

bledon championships an open tournament "as an experiment."

But not all tennis officials are so quick to reach this solution to the problem as those in England. Next week, after the finals are over in Wimbledon, International Lawn Tennis Federation delegates from all over the world will leave London and journey to Stockholm to face — or to turn their faces away from—the crisis that most admit is confronting their game.

The little voters

The tragedy is that many already have decided to avert their faces. A year ago, a worldwide decision to vote against open tennis was assumed to be impossible. At the 1960 meeting of the International Federation in Paris, general approval of the open tournament seemed a foregone conclusion before the vote was taken. The big powers of international tennis—the U.S., Australia, France and Britain—were all in favor of open play and each had 12 votes plus a handful of proxies. But their motion was defeated, by a mere five votes out of a total 209, and the defeat was such a shock that all kinds of rumors sprang up instantly. The most preposterous was that Jack Kramer, who was by implication the vil-

lamous keeper of a west central intelligence agency, had sabotaged the world of tennis through secret agents because he feared loss of control over most of the world's spotlight players.

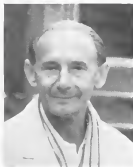
The proposal was in fact defeated by the heretofore unnoticed votes of a host of small nations which saw no advantage to themselves in open tennis and feared that open tournaments would detract from their own amateur shows. With no compelling reason to vote in favor of open tennis, they voted against it. The Irish, for example, abhorred the thought of an open Wimbledon for purely parochial reasons. Each year after Wimbledon it has been the Irish custom to stage a local tournament, to which they have been able to entice some of the Wimbledon stars. They can afford the mediocre amateurs, even with under-the-table payments, but the pros would be beyond Ireland's financial reach, and at the same time they would overshadow the little Irish tournament and make it much less attractive. So Ireland's five votes are still firmly against open tennis. Much the same thing is true of Norway, also a five-vote nation, which has difficulty training tournament players up to international caliber even in today's depressed amateur game. Norway is convinced

NESTLING SNUGLY BEHIND A WINDBREAK OF GREENERY AND TRADITION, WIMBLEDON WILL BE WIMBLEDON WHETHER PRO OR AMATEUR





WIMBLEDON BOSS Herman David (right) chats with Doris Cooper. Mike Davies about a future in which he sees the mixture of pros and amateurs in the championships as inevitable.



PASSIONATE AMATEUR Borotra believes tennis should set the example for all sports.

that open tennis would make the job harder.

Denmark (seven votes) may be similarly motivated, but the honest Danes are also genuinely shocked at the blatant hypocrisy of present-day amateurism—in which the Italian star, Nicola Pietrangeli, can boast unpunished that he never plays for less than \$400 a week. "As long as we have amateur rules we must keep them," proclaims Einar Ulrich, secretary-general of the Danish Lawn Tennis Federation.

On the same grounds—objection to hypocrisy—Sweden, with five votes, wants to take an opposite stand and "abolish all distinctions between amateurs and professionals."

The big freeze-out

For the last two weeks before Wimbledon, representatives of all these and other points of view sought out their fellows to talk things over in advance of Stockholm. Jean Borotra, the Bounding Basque of the '20s, who at 63 can still bound with the best of them, flew in from Paris to huddle with England's J. Eaton Griffith, his predecessor as President of the International Federation. George Barnes, the president of the USLTA, abandoned his Chicago investment brokerage for two weeks of consultation in Paris, London and Stockholm. Jack Kramer, silently fuming at quite obvious efforts to exclude him from any semblance of a voice in the eventual world of open tennis, settled down pessimistically to mark time as a BBC-TV commentator at Wimbledon.

Picturing Kramer as the villain solely

responsible for the crisis in tennis is a favorite way out for those who refuse to face the facts. Kramer is, by nature, no diplomat and his headlong honesty in saying what he believes has made him more than one enemy, not only in Australia, where he is hated most, but in other lands as well. "We must stop wasting time on 'negotiations' with parasitical professional promoters," wrote one disheartened defender of amateurism in a letter to the USLTA only two weeks ago. "If you stop messing around with Kramer and his troupe, you will quickly get back on a sound basis."

Kramer's strongest defense, however, lies in his own self-interest. He knows better than most that what will eventually benefit him as a promoter must first benefit the game he is promoting. One measure of his practical interest in the open is his expressed willingness to let his contract players play for free, if they choose, in some of the proposed open tournaments. This is a notion much favored by the officials at Wimbledon. Kramer's contracts with his players are so tight that he could prevent such an arrangement by fiat if he liked, but, he says, he will do whatever the players want. Naturally the top professionals are not anxious to play for nothing, but the men who run Wimbledon are guessing that many of them will do so for the prestige and eventual profit of winning a major title.

This idea is one of the many that will be presented at Stockholm next week when the game's rulers meet and vote. Open play will be the central question on the ballot, but the U.S., Britain and

continued on page 40



BRITISH SPORTSMAN J. Eaton Griffith has already asked international tennis for open



PROMOTER Kramer is unfairly accused of trying to kill goose that lays his golden eggs.

WOMEN'S GOLF FINDS A NEW ZAHARIAS

by GWILYM BROWN

With an overpowering win in the Open, Mickey Wright becomes her sport's most exciting figure since the days of the storied Babe



One of the memorable performances in the history of women's golf was accomplished last week by tall, blonde and strong Mickey Wright as she mastered both a long golf course and a short attack of nerves to win her third U.S. Women's Open in four years. Her 69-72 in Saturday's testing 36-hole finale were two of the best rounds of her golfing career. Her winning 293 not only defeated runner-up Betty Rawls by six strokes, it showed beyond any doubt that the 26-year-old Miss Wright is the finest woman golfer of this—and perhaps of any—era.

The tournament was held on the Lower Course of the Baltusrol Golf Club in Springfield, N.J. This is a rolling, bending, heavily treed, tree-enshrouded layout that measured 6,400 yards—a staggering distance for women. It is the same golf course—though it was then stretched out to 7,000 yards—on which Ed Furgol won the 1954 Men's Open title with a 284. But the strong women's field of 83 was delighted at the prospect of tackling it.

"Ooh, it's fabulous," cooed Marilyn Smith, former Ladies PGA president,

DISPLAYING FIRM STANCE and full follow-through, Mickey drives on final day.

on the evening before play began. "It's the best course we've ever played. But you have to be able to hit pretty far."

"It's the toughest yet," agreed Miss Wright, the precourtesy favorite. "My hitting length is going to help me here. Also, I hit the ball high. I can reach these heavily trapped greens on the fly. I have the advantage. Now I have to take advantage of it."

Mickey did exactly that the first day. Making the most of her length off the tee, she reached 15 greens in regulation figures, studiously avoided all of the course's approximately 100 sand traps and finished with an even-par round of 72. She considered it a very good round, and it tied her for the first-day lead with surprising JoAnn Prentiss, the slender, pretty professional from Birmingham, Ala. Then came a second-day disaster that left Mickey and her fans candidates for tranquilizers. She shot a dreadful 80. It dropped her into a two-way tie for seventh with Louise Suggs. Actually, the round was typical of what makes Miss Wright such a fascinating, if irritating, golfer to follow, for it was caused by an emotional, not a physical, collapse.

"I got so keyed up after leading the first day that I couldn't sleep," she explained later. "And I committed the unpardonable sin of letting bad putting get to me. I kept hitting the ball closer and closer to the hole and still missing

the putts. Then the roof fell in. If I'd had my emotions under control, it never would have happened."

But the 80 snapped the tension that had hit her after the first day. The next morning Mickey followed the same rampaging pattern of her two previous Open victories. In 1958 at Bloomfield Hills, Mich., when she carried a one-stroke margin into the final day's 36 holes, she overwhelmed the field in the morning round with a 3-under-par 70 that jumped her lead to seven shots. The following year in Pittsburgh she trailed Miss Suggs by two strokes at the halfway point but, on the morning of the final day, broke into a four-stroke lead with a 69.

"I just love to play in the morning," she said. "The earlier the better. If I have to wait four or five hours before I tee off I get so jittery that I'm lucky to be able to play at all."

Calm and collected

At Baltusrol, on that final morning, Mickey was as calm as a matron on her way to the bakery. "I couldn't have been more relaxed," she said later. "I wasn't the leader any more [she was four shots back of Ruth Jessen and Miss Prentice], and I didn't expect anything from myself. You always seem to score better when you feel that way."

She drove erratically, but her iron play was stunningly accurate and she seized six birdies with putts from 10 feet or closer. She turned imminent bogeys into pars on four different holes with deft, sure chipping and pitching. She came in with a 3-under-par 69. On such a long, exceedingly difficult course (some observers said it could be compared to a 7,500-yard course for men), Mickey's 69 rates as very likely the best round ever played in this championship. It sent her into a hurried lunch with a two-stroke lead over her old friend, Defending Champion Rawls.

Her afternoon round of 72, for sheer hitting ability, was even more impressive. Her only birdies came on the first and 7th holes, both 460-yard par-5s. She reached the first with an immense drive and a three-iron, the seventh with a drive and a four-iron. The swarming galleries that lined each hole saw Mickey give a demonstration in casual perfection. Statistics bore this out. In the morning she had hit 12 greens but needed only 27 putts. In the afternoon she hit 16 greens but, playing safely for pars, she used 36 putts.



RELAXED AND AGLOW, THE CHAMPION HAPPILY HUGS HER WINNER'S TROPHY

This was Mickey Wright's fifth tournament victory of the year. It put her ahead of Miss Suggs in money won (\$11,249 to \$10,334) and, while her personality lacks the uninhibited color of the late Babe Zaharias, she probably ranks ahead of the Babe in both long hitting and golf

finesse. What's more, with the dramatic performance by the winner, the caliber of the course and the size and enthusiasm of the galleries (a record 10,000), this year's Women's Open seems to have established the 16-year-old event, at last, as a truly first-class championship. **END**

'GENTLEMEN, STOP YOUR ENGINES'

So say the international arbiters of sports car racing to gifted U.S. amateurs who, denied all but a small taste of open competition heretofore, are now deprived of that

by KENNETH RUDEEN

The drivers racing in close quarters in the photograph at right personify a problem that increasingly plagues the growing sport of American road racing. Their names are Roger Penske and Peter Barry Ryan, and as they streak through a tight S-turn in a national Sports Car Club of America race at Lime Rock Park, Conn., they are demonstrating amateur SCCA racing at its best. Their Maserati and Lotus cars are glamorous, the contest is in doubt and the setting, with wooded hills all about, is one of great beauty for the spectators clustered on the hillside.

But Penske and Ryan have distanced the field—eventually they will lap even the third-place car—for their skills place them considerably above the average amateur SCCA driver and their cars are vastly superior to all others in the race. Penske and Ryan are among the handful of SCCA men so skilled and so equipped. The great majority are content to be purely weekend drivers, racing happily in less sophisticated, less expensive MGs and Alfa Romeos and Sunbeams. The problem, here so dramatically illustrated at Lime Rock, is where are the Penskes and Ryans to go to find real competition on their own

level—the seasoning that might one day elevate them to world Grand Prix racing stature?

Earlier last week, before the Lime Rock meeting, the problem was brought to a head with the harsh, startling abruptness of a connecting rod splitting the block of an overrevved engine. The nine-man Automobile Competition Committee that is charged with overseeing American racing for the Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile, world governing body of auto racing, said, in effect, "Gentlemen, stop your engines." It suspended all the SCCA's 2,600 competition drivers for an indefinite time from all the large racing events accredited by the FIA. On the prohibited list are the 12-hour world championship race at Sebring, Fla., the race week at Nassau, in the Bahamas, which the SCCA helped launch and has always strongly supported, and the famous 24-hour race at Le Mans, France, in which SCCA drivers have been increasingly successful.

The drastic move climaxed an implausible sequence of events involving the SCCA, the ACC and the United States Auto Club, which is the chief sanctioning group for professional track racing in the U.S. and for the last three years



DUEL AT LIME ROCK ENGAGES ROGER

sponsor of a professional sports car series.

The Automobile Competition Committee charged the SCCA with winking on a promise to let its amateur drivers race as unpaid contestants in FIA-approved races last month at Indianapolis Raceway Park (not the Speedway) and at Mosport near Toronto. The USAC, which sponsored the Indianapolis races, echoed the accusation. Not so, retorted the SCCA: the Indianapolis and Mosport meetings had not been approved for its amateurs and were thus automatically vetoed.

But charge and countercharge did not cover the real facts of the situation: the SCCA itself was divided. It had split on the issue of Indianapolis and Mosport, just as it has been divided for years on the question of amateurism. Its own competition events committee had

(continued on page 42)



PENSKE (LEADING) AND PETER RYAN, TWO FINE AMATEURS CAUGHT IN NO MAN'S LAND IN WAR BETWEEN AMATEUR AND PRO FORCES



PETER RYAN, 21, former champion skier, is impressive SCCA newcomer. He hopes to be a Grand Prix driver.



ROGER PENSKE, 24, leaped to SCCA's first rank in just two years. He wants more open races but won't turn pro.



Photographs by Phil Sarb

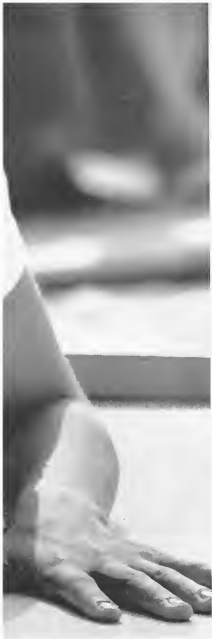


Truth and Beauty

One thing weight lifters and body builders have in common is muscles. But where the weight boys like to use their muscles, the body boys mostly just like to exhibit theirs. Last week these two schools of thought met at the Civic Auditorium in Santa Monica, Calif. for a combined weight-lifting and body-beautiful contest.

Jim Bradford (*left*) won the heavyweight lift with presses of 350, 370 and 389 pounds. This proved, if nothing else, that even a non-Adonis like Jim could, if need be, pick up a demigod like Hugo Labra (*above*), a paragon from Muscle Beach who won the title Most Muscular Man, and toss him out on his beautiful ear.





His Eye Is on the Kimmie

His weapons are shooters and kimmies (*i.e.*, target marbles, which used to be called "commies") rather than fast balls, chip shots or gambets, but no Sandy Koufax, Arnold Palmer or Mikhail Boettinik ever concentrated harder on his game than would-be marbles champion Tom Senita (*left*) of Yonkers, N.Y. Unfortunately, Tom's shooters missed too many kimmies, so in the final round of the 37th National Marbles Tournament at Wildwood, N.J. the big silver cup ended up in the hands of a freckle-faced youngster named Ace Millen, also from Yonkers, who probably couldn't concentrate worth a darn—just shoot.



Photographs by J. C. Rapoport

BASEBALL'S SECRET WEAPON: TERROR

Despite official denials, pitchers throw
at batters—to knock them down, to brush
them back, sometimes to brain them

by ROGER KAHN



OFTEN A TARGET, YANKEE ROGER MARIS IS KNOCKED DOWN BY TWINS' DON LEE

NO one remembers the place or the names because it happened a long time ago, but in that forgotten spring a rookie pitcher turned to the manager of a big league ball club and asked: "What's the best pitch in baseball? Is it a curve, a fast ball or what?"

"Kid," the manager answered, undisturbed, "the best pitch in baseball is a strike." He waited so that the rookie could grasp a point, put to perfection. Then, very slowly, the manager added, "And the second best pitch is the knock-down."

One reason no one has carved this counsel into marble is that so far no one has had to. The manager's words and sentiments endure, by themselves. Only two weeks ago Jim Bunning, a long-armed Detroit right-hander, knocked down Jim Piersall, a short-tempered Cleveland outfielder, with predictable results. Piersall, hit on the right wrist, arose, marched to the mound and threw a left hook at Bunning. (Since Piersall hooks like Johanesson, no one was hurt.) Earlier this season Lou Burdette, Chuck Estrada, Pete Ramos and Mike Fornieles were all threatened by hitters rising from the dirt in fury.

Baseball propagandists, such as league presidents, say that the knockdown is overemphasized in the newspapers, this gives them a chance to get back at the press, which calls them baseball propagandists. Then, lately, there has been a curious tendency to mysticize and romanticize pitching. A pitcher has written a book and mentioned Bartok. A writer has pitched an inning and mentioned himself, along with Mantle and Mays. Amateurs flourish, and one tends to forget that no one hits a home run when he is afraid the pitcher will throw at his head or at his ribs or at his groin. One tends to forget that, for all its art, major league pitching is largely a business of terror.

Consider a familiar tableau. The batter stands poised, bat cocked, leaning slightly toward the plate, the better to hit the outside curve ball he expects. As the pitcher throws, the batter strides forward. He wants all his weight behind

his swing. Then, as he realizes that the ball is hurtling at him, that there will be no swing, the batter comes unhinged. He heaves his bat. His feet fly forward. His body twists down. He needs the ground the way an infantryman needs the ground. He wants to embrace it.

After the ball has passed overhead, the batter lingers in the dirt, breathing and relishing the privilege. When at last he gets up to hit again there is something he must regain, along with his bat and cap—his poise. One more barrier has been erected between the batter and a base hit.

The barrier is older than anyone really knows. Possibly it dates from 1867, the year in which Arthur (Candy) Cummings invented the curve and, presumably, quickly discovered that terror made his new pitch doubly effective. Through the decades the knockdown has gone by different names and, like any weapon, been used in various ways by various men. There are shadings, subtleties and nuances, hypotheses, theories and countertheories, but, primarily, all one needs in preparing *A Practical Handbook for Terrifying Batters* is a working understanding of three terms.

The BEAN BALL is thrown to hit the batter in the bean, or cranium. It is employed for reasons ranging from dyspepsia to viciousness and is specifically outlawed by Baseball Rule 8.02 (c), which is not to say that it does not exist. Spitballs, as Preacher Roe once pointed out, have been outlawed, too. To throw the classic bean ball, one aims at a point shoulder-high, about a foot behind the batter. As the batter stumbles he loses height. As he ducks he falls backward, exercising a conditioned reflex. The ball is below and behind the head; the batter falls down and back. *Forlô.*

On August 16, 1920, Ray Chapman, a Cleveland shortstop, was struck near the temple by an underhand fast ball thrown by Carl Mays, who won 26 games

continued

ENRAGED PIERBALL is restrained by teammates after being hit by Detroit's Jim Bunning.





UNUSUAL SEQUENCE SHOWS JOHN PODRES PITCHING TO JIM LANDIS IN 1959 SERIES



BARELY VISIBLE TO LEFT OF HELMET, BALL HITS LANDIS AND HE FALLS (BELOW)



BASEBALL'S WEAPON *continued*

for the Yankees that year. People who were there say that Mays' pitch—a "submarine ball" in the post-World War I argot—was only slightly higher than the belt. Chapman dropped into its path. He died the next morning in a New York hospital. A committee of baseball officials later exonerated Mays of any intent to hit Chapman.

The BRUSHBACK is thrown to frighten the batter, to make him step back, with no intent to maim. It is employed routinely as part of a pitcher's assortment, frequently to set up a curve or, for that matter, any outside pitch. Ordinarily, one brushes a hitter by throwing at or close to the front part of his body, from the level of the uniform's letters on up. Plate-crowders, such as Minnie Minoso, have some difficulty in dodging brushbacks, but the great majority of big leaguers avoid them simply by leaning back or spinning away from the plate.

Unfortunately, it is impossible to tell a brushback which slips—goes an extra foot inside—from a bean ball, and on this issue many baseball wars began.

"Oops," remarks the pitcher.

"———" replies the batter. Shouting follows, and sometimes blood.

The KNOCKDOWN describes any pitch that sends a hitter into the dirt, covering both the deliberate bean ball and the brushback that got away. It is almost, but not quite, a generic term. A pitch thrown at a batter's knees is an excellent messenger of fright but cannot be called a knockdown. Following semantics, the proper term would be "springback" or "shins aloft." The special importance of the word knockdown is that it covers the pitch that slips, the errant brushback that looks like a bean ball. Pitchers occasionally bounce pitches, missing their target by several feet. Fast balls sail and get behind the hitter, and sometimes a curve completely escapes control.

Don Zimmer, recently sentenced to serve as captain of the Chicago Cubs, was terribly injured in Columbus eight years ago when a high curve struck the side of his head. Two operations were required to save Zimmer's life, and afterward he had to learn to talk all over again. He had been struck near the speech center of the brain.

Whatever the name, the type and the intent, a close pitch, particularly an unexpected close pitch, shocks a batter to

his ganglia as it approaches, after which a number of things may happen:

- 1) The hitter does not duck quickly enough, with results ranging from extremes of horror and suffering to minor nicks, as with careless shaving.
- 2) The hitter curses, spits tobacco juice and hits the next pitch 480 feet. This demonstrates that the knockdown is the second-best pitch in baseball, not the best.
- 3) The hitter panics, swallowing the tobacco, and elects to swing at anything, just to escape the awful menace of the baseball.
- 4) The hitter rages and tries to ram the next pitch back at the mound. Such substitution of determination for poise is rarely successful. Lining a baseball off a pitcher is a fantastic feat of marksmanship.
- 5) The hitter, neither in rage nor in panic, loses confidence and, when he swings again, pulls away from the plate in an involuntary action. The hitter is not trembling, but he is rattled.

The furthest extreme, of course, was the Chapman case, the only occasion on which a major league batter has been killed by a pitch. Occasions on which major leaguers have been seriously injured are more numerous, so numerous, in fact, that one can select an excellent all-star team of beaners across the years. Mickey Cochrane (fractured skull) or Roy Campanella (fast ball into left ear) is the catcher. Around the infield are Jackie Robinson (fractured batting helmet) at first base; Cass Michaels (fractured skull) at second; Pee Wee Reese (concussion) at short; Pete Reiser (concussion) at third; Joe Medwick (fractured skull); Hank Leiber (concussion, shortened career) and Carl Furillo (six beanings, various effects) make up the outfield. Picking a pitcher for this squad seems innately wrong and hence will be skipped. Robinson admittedly makes it on a pass, but 1) after Steve Ridzik hit him Robinson's helmet looked like a relic of Hiroshima and 2) I want him on my team. For punists, Joe Adcock (concussion) is offered as alternate first baseman.

Beyond this distinguished group of victims stands an army of walking wounded, ballplayers who have been hit on arms and elbows and as a result missed days or weeks of play. Dick Groat, the Pittsburgh shortstop, was sidelined for a month last season and almost missed the World Series after Lou Bardette fractured his wrist. Dod-

ger veteran Duke Snider reported trim and eager this spring and hit well until Bob Gibson's fast ball fractured his elbow on April 17. To any batter, the inside fast ball is a clear and present danger whether it comes dramatically as a bean ball or routinely as a brushback that flicks the letters at 90 miles an hour.

Before batting helmets were adopted, there was a distinct sound associated with beanings, a sound oddly and irrevocably wrong. It was deeper than the sound of a ball hitting a bat, softer than the sound of a ball striking the catcher's mitt, less crisp than the sound of a ball striking a concrete wall. It was always unfinished, a thump that died as it was born, died quickly, but not before one knew what lay ahead. This sound without echo meant—always—a solemn circle of men, busy trainers in white and finally the stretcher, borne by the victim's teammates, on whom baseball uniforms suddenly looked out of place.

The batting helmet has changed the sound and substantially reduced the number of skulls fractured by baseballs. But there is no armor against fear. The helmet has not significantly changed batters' attitudes, nor has it provided complete protection. It does not cover the ears.

Adcock suffered his concussion while wearing the helmet and afterward somberly displayed it in the clubhouse. Red marks had been blasted into the dark blue plastic by the stitches of the baseball. A few reporters told Adcock he was lucky to have been wearing the helmet, but except for that the dressing room was quiet.

Ballplayers are neither more nor less heroic than any other group of young men, but they necessarily have adopted general codes toward their occupational hazards. Most accept the brushback for what it is—an impersonal reminder that the ball is hard, that the pitcher disapproves of anyone leaning in.

"An't gonna hit me that way," Willie Mays says. "They can throw close all they want. I ain't gonna be there."

Mickey Mantle goes further. He endorses the brushback. "You got to throw at hitters up here," he says, "and if I was a pitcher I would. Otherwise, they'd wear you the hell out."

There is a good deal of pragmatism to this approach. Pitchers are going to continue brushing hitters in their impersonal, nonmalignant way as long as the ball remains hard, and the batter who makes a fuss about brushbacks is

obviously troubled. He thus becomes a candidate for impersonal, nonmalignant brushbacks every time he comes to bat.

But one suspects that many players who kid about the subject are not really so delighted to be brushed as they would like to appear. For public consumption they follow an old approach to unpleasantness: Don't admit it's unpleasant, and maybe it will go away. A few hints of resentment slip through. Early Wynn once was batting against Allie Reynolds, the old New York Yankee right-hander, when Reynolds spun Wynn backward with a fast ball. "Yogi," Wynn said to the embryo author behind the plate, "you better tell your pitcher to start pitching me outside, because if he doesn't, Yogi, I'm gonna start pitching you inside." Berra propped up to the mound, and Reynolds switched to the outside corner. Wynn, armed with his own considerable fast ball, could afford to issue an ultimatum and make it stick. Other ballplayers, however, lacking Wynn's temperament, reputation and position (pitcher), cannot.

In the case of the bean ball, acceptance is neither required nor expected; it has been the sum of a hundred baseball battles. The batter, if he survives, may bunt toward the first baseman. This forces the pitcher to cover first, where he can be spiked or mauled. Maglie threw behind Jackie Robinson in 1955—he claims the pitch slipped—and Robinson saved himself by standing stock-still. Then he bunted toward first. Maglie, outweighed, refused to cover. A second baseman named Davey Williams, who had a history of back trouble, did, and Robinson hanged into him so hard that Williams was never able to play regularly again.

Eschewing the bunt, the batter may rely on team loyalty, in the form of a retaliatory bean ball. Most managers recommend throwing retaliatory bean balls at big hitters on the opposing team, telling their pitchers, in effect, "You've got to protect our hitters." In one recent game a pitcher threw a bean ball, and half an inning later the other pitcher threw an equalizer. The plate umpire walked to the mound, summoned both managers and announced: "O.K. You've each had your shot. Now the next time there's a bean ball the pitcher gets fined." Alvin Dark, the manager of the San Francisco Giants, recently announced an interesting variation on this. From now on, he said, the Giants would throw only at rival pitchers and catchers.

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Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

A LOCAL SOUTH SEAS ISLE

by ROGER WILLIAMS



THE HARBOR OF AVALON IS GATEWAY AND MEETING PLACE FOR ANGELENOS WHO HAVE COME TO SEEK OUT CATALINA'S PLEASURES

It is just 27 miles from Los Angeles to Santa Catalina, but it might be Tahiti, and it may soon be an exclusive suburb

Some 10,000 southern Californians locked up their houses last weekend, left their cars behind on the shore and headed out to sea to celebrate the Fourth of July holiday on a rugged, largely un-

inhabited island named Santa Catalina.

Why they went is, in some ways, a wonder. The sun is not so hot on Catalina as it is on the mainland, the beaches are not nearly so ample. The narrow streets of its

continued

single town are crowded with mainland tourists and, worst of all, there is not very much to do.

Yet Californians of every stripe have been coming to Catalina for decades. If they have a boat, they cross the 20-odd miles of water to put in at one of a dozen picturesque and isolated coves. If they don't, they take a steamer or a seaplane to Avalon, the only city on the island. Many of the tourists do not know or care that Catalina is a virtual lifeboat; that its lord is Philip K. Wrigley, the chewing gum man, that the island suffers acutely from a shortage of fresh water; or that—now that an economically feasible method for obtaining fresh water from the sea is in sight—the island may some day soon surpass Bel Air and Beverly Hills as a fashionable suburb of Los Angeles across the way.

Meanwhile, for the yachtsman, Catalina is a South Sea island at his doorstep—and at the isthmus, his particular haven, he will even find a backdrop made familiar by many movies filmed there. For the casual visitor, Catalina falls into two distinct parts—Avalon, and the rest of the island, known locally as "The Interior." The interior is difficult to get to except by tour bus. Avalon, on the other hand, is a pleasantly drowsy little shore town set in the mouth of a canyon. Stores and houses are close together for, on privately owned Catalina, land is precious. The architecture ranges from wooden frame to colorful Catalina tile. There are few cars because there is no place to drive them. Then the blue water and the white walls and the empty streets give Avalon the air of a Mediterranean fishing village, with a touch of New England.

On summer weekends, however, the Mediterranean atmosphere is heavily overlaid with Coney Island. Groups of bare-chested, bare-footed high school boys pad up and down Crescent Avenue, checking out groups of sun-suited, bathing-suited girls. Harried parents, clutching their kiddies and handbags and blankets, stumble through the sand to find a spot on the postcard-size beach. Women wander into waterfront stores to pick over the piles of straw hats and souvenirs. Jakebox music grinds out of the bars and pushes across the beach to the water's edge. A little boy asks a strange man to hold his ice cream cone and Coke while

TO VISIT CATALINA

GETTING THERE: The big steamer, S.S. *Catalina*, leaves weekdays at 9:45 a.m. from Wilmington. Phone MGRS, Inc. (NE 6-4711) at Los Angeles. Other steamers leave daily from Long Beach at 9:30 a.m., from Balboa at 9:45 a.m. (both Island Transportation Co., Balboa Island, OR 5-1549) and from Wilmington at 6 a.m. and 10:30 a.m. (Island Boat Service, Wilmington, SP 5-2011). Fares \$7.50 round trip. For airplanes, call Avalon Air Transport (Los Angeles, NE 6-4173) and Catalina Channel Airlines (Los Angeles, NE 6-6890) about flights from Long Beach and L.A. **INTERNATIONAL AIRPORTS:** cost from \$12 to \$19 round trip.

STAYING THERE: Pavilion Lodge (W. F. Olsen Sr., Avalon 465), \$15-\$18 per day. Los Caidos (Bill Schneider, Avalon 226), cottages \$14 and up per day. St. Catherine Hotel (Joe Arno, Avalon 713), \$10-\$16 per day. **EATING THERE:** Nothing fancy, but the Visitors' Country Club Restaurant serves steaks, chops, sea food. Prago has Hungarian and Italian dishes and Scott's, a general menu—all \$4-\$6 per person. **SIGHTSEEING THERE:** Bus and boat tours all advertise on decks; tickets available there.

he looks for his mother. Out on the pier two kids fight over a fish they found in a garbage can, while elderly men, faithful kibitzers at their side, play gin rummy on green wooden benches. And Avalon's oldtimers, unblurred in faded denims and dark blue cap'n's caps, assure each other that the pesky tourists are getting worse every year.

High spot of any Avalon day is the arrival of the big steamer. When it docks at noon, up to 2,000 eager tourists, dressed in everything from bikinis to business suits, crowd off the gangplank. Most of them have been here before, and know just how to spend the four hours before the steamer goes back. There are bus trips to the interior, to the Bird Park, to the buffalo range and up along Avalon Terrace Drive. There is the seaside stroll to the Casino, where Miller and Goodman and Dorsey used to play, and to the take-off point for glass-bottomed boat trips through the undersea gardens. There is horseback riding and every kind of vessel for hire, from 50¢-an-hour paddleboards to \$85-a-day fishing boats. There is golf at the neat, attractive Visitors' Country Club, "where your presence is your membership." For puttering around Avalon streets there are bicycles for hire, Vespa cars with wicker seats and creeping electric carts with tiller steering.

One of the few places in Avalon where the tourist cannot go is the Tuna Club, a sport-fishing sanctuary protected by years of tradition and a sign on the door saying MEMBERS ONLY. The Tuna Club

regards itself as the last bastion of true sporting spirit in the world of salt-water fishing. Its rules prohibit the use of any other than linen line and explicitly limit not only the test strength of line but also the size of pole in each tackle category. Eight types of fish, all found in the Catalina channel, are sought for the club's special records: tuna, marlin, swordfish, black sea bass, yellowtail, white sea bass, albacore and dolphin. There is an elaborate system for awarding the club buttons and fame medals—the only way to become an active member is to catch a "button fish." In the early years the club presidency went to the man who caught the biggest tuna, the vice-presidency to the one who caught the greatest number, and so on down the line.

The first waves of Catalina tourists, 30 to 35 years ago, were southern California families out for a day in the fresh air. They packed a picnic lunch, climbed aboard their own boat or a steamer and headed for a spell of good old American fun. The war, which quickened the pace of life everywhere, changed the wholesome picture of Catalina tourism. In the postwar years, bars did the best business but the Casino, which formerly had drawn crowds of a few thousand, had trouble even staying open. "We got away from the family aspect," said Mayor Roy Taylor recently, astride a stool in his Chi-Chi bar. "The travel posters showed bathing beauties instead of families, and people started coming over for thrills. There was a lot of drinking and carrying on. It was bad for the island."

Emphasis on the family has now returned, carefully nourished by promotional literature and outdoor attractions. Alcoholic blasts are largely confined to the big weekends, and the bars thrive on moderation. The Avalon Music Bowl, unused for 33 years, has reopened under new management, and will once again put on front-line bands and entertainers five nights a week. One skeptic of this effort is Duke Fishman, squat, bald part-time actor and a lifeguard at Avalon Beach since 1934. "In the old days," says Duke, "the dance was the big event. We'd dress up, have a little to drink and then go up to dance. But the younger crowd now doesn't care about dancing. They walk around in shorts and bathing suits, and they aren't happy

unless they've got a beer in their hand all the time."

Catalina has been the property of the Wrigley family since 1919, when William Jr., founder of the gum company, bought it for some \$3 million. Before that the island was variously an Indian settlement, a Mexican colony and a way station for smugglers. It was discovered in 1542 by Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo, a Portuguese sailing from Mexico under the Spanish flag, then rediscovered by Sebastian Vizcaino in 1602 and named Santa Catalina. For the next couple of centuries it was inhabited only by wild animals, primitive Indians and occasional groups of Spanish explorers. In the early 1800s the hunters and traders began arriving. Russian expeditions came down to hunt otter along the east, or windward, coast, and American fur traders swapped trinkets for skins with the Indians.

When Mexico broke away from Spain in 1821 she took Catalina along. The island came into American hands for the first time, so the story goes, on July 4, 1846, during the Mexican War, when it was signed over to a Santa Barbara storekeeper named Thomas Robbins. The last Mexican governor stopped off at Robbins' house on his flight from the Americans and, in his final official act, wrote out a grant to Catalina on a crumpled piece of butcher paper. The treaty of 1848 brought the island officially within U.S. limits, and nine years later a federal district court upheld Robbins' claim to it.

After Thomas Robbins died, Catalina changed hands repeatedly, once for as little as \$1,000. By 1887 the price had reached \$200,000, the amount paid by Los Angeles Real Estate Man George Shatto. Shatto took the first steps toward development of Catalina as an economic entity. He laid out the city of Avalon (named by his sister from Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*), subdividing acres and selling the lots for \$100 to \$500. He built the Hotel Metropole, which catered to the first vacationers, and tried unsuccessfully to promote livestock and mining operations in the interior.

Shatto's fortunes failed and the island was purchased by the three Banning brothers (one judge and two army captains), who formed the Santa Catalina Island Company to run it. Under their management Avalon developed into an active resort and attained its present political status of a sixth-class city in Cali-

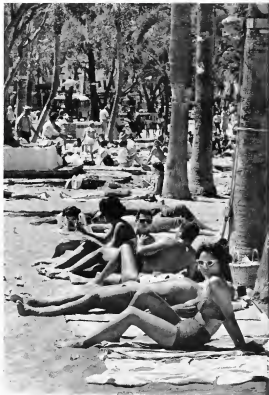
fornia. But in 1915 a fire swept much of Avalon, including the hotel and a tent area that had sprung up around it. This put a financial squeeze on the Bannings, and when William Wrigley Jr. came along four years later, they were happy to make a deal.

Under Wrigley rule Catalina has developed slowly. The family has retained control of all the back country, plus one third of Avalon's business and residential district, leasing out a few hotels and tourist operations. The reason for this slow progress, say Wrigley partisans, is lack of water, without which serious development is impossible. A

few islanders and a few more mainlanders clam water could have been provided and the island developed long ago if Wrigley had wished. This faction insists that Wrigley wants to hold onto Catalina as a personal plaything.

Reaction of Wrigley associates to this charge ranges from amusement to fury. Mulcolm Renton, vice-president of the ruling Santa Catalina Island Company, smiles with weary patience when the subject is raised. "Why would Mr. Wrigley or anyone else want to sit on valuable property? Mr. Wrigley is a businessman and Catalina is a business operation," Renton said recently. "He is

continued



SUN SEEKERS AND GIRL WATCHERS FIND WHAT THEY CAME FOR ON ISLAND BEACHES

definitely interested in developing it, but we can't develop without water."

Joe Guion, a longtime Catalina resident who runs a sporting goods store, put the question in historical perspective. "William Wrigley Jr. envisioned this place as a wonderful resort," said Guion, "but P.K. is not the promoter his dad was. He has a different attitude toward the island. He's not interested in making it a resort, but a community of homes. But he's under no economic

DRIP SO WE CAN DRINK. In times of real stress anyone found wasting water is subject to a \$300 fine and 90 days in jail.

Catalina's fresh-water supply depends on a half-dozen small reservoirs and a couple of unpredictable wells. William Wrigley Jr. poured more than a million dollars into hillside drilling operations, and when he died in 1932, his son Philip took up the search. "We've tried all kinds of miracle schemes," admits one Island Company official, "including a few divining rod maneuvers. And we've been taken for a ride more than once."

pend on steam," a Fairbanks executive pointed out recently, "but a freezer system can be operated by electric power and Catalina has enough of that." How about cost? "Salt-water conversion normally runs from \$1.75 to \$10 per thousand gallons. We expect to do it for less than \$1 per thousand," Fairbanks, Morse hopes to begin production of its conversion machine in less than a year.

Despite the apparent promise of a few conversion systems, some Island Company insiders insist salt-water conversion on a major scale is still a long way off for Catalina. "Those cost-per-thousand figures are based on huge quantities of water and low mainland electricity rates," says Gene Haney, public relations man for the company. "By the time you include those items, plus the cost of installing the plant and pipelines, they don't mean much."

If Catalina gets water at a workable price, P. K. Wrigley stands ready to whack up the family hearloom into residential plots, and offer them on a long-lease basis. This fall, Catalina will take a firm step toward suburban status, when Los Angeles Airways inaugurates turbine-helicopter service from downtown L.A. to Avalon. The flight will take about 30 minutes—less time than many L.A. area businessmen now spend driving to work. Without such rapid transportation, Catalina can never develop into the type of Los Angeles adjunct its owner has in mind; steamers, which leave from mainland piers, take a little over two hours to cross the channel, and the two airlines now making infrequent flights with antiquated seaplanes leave from L.A. International Airport or Long Beach, both a good distance from downtown business areas.

Even in a rainy year, much of Catalina would seem undesirable to many for permanent living. The entire island is a series of canyons banked by steep and sparsely vegetated hills. The predominant tree is the scrub oak, which may stand stooped and alone in the middle of nowhere or packed into dense thickets. Some spots, of course, are natural home sites: they command a sweeping view of the ocean and on clear days the mainland, and they are blessed with enough leafy trees to set them apart from surrounding wasteland. But for the most part the island is clothed in the muted grays and browns of the desert, rolling away in grizzled, sun-baked hills.



AIRPLANE, STEAMER, YACHTS GROWD AVALON HARBOR BELOW HARTY-PILLARED CASINO

pressure to promote it that way. He's in a high tax bracket already; he certainly doesn't need the money."

Whatever the degree of Catalina's difficulty, water has certainly been responsible. Even in years of normal rainfall (13 inches), the supply is just adequate to provide for the winter population of 1,500 and then carry the island through the tourist season. When the rainfall is scant, as it has been this year, water becomes the prime concern all over the island. Drinks are mixed without ice and restaurants ask before serving water with meals. Walls carry signs like STOP THE

The great hope for augmenting Catalina's meager water supply is salt-water conversion. "We know that's the solution," says Renton, "but so far the cost has been prohibitive."

Wrigley's men believe a series of individual conversion units, scattered around the island perimeter, would be best suited to Catalina's rugged topography. One of the most promising systems is a freezer unit, which produces fresh water from salt water by a process involving evaporation and freezing, now under construction by Fairbanks, Morse & Co. "Most distillation methods de-

Prize location on the island, for both present and future, is the Isthmus, a narrow spit of rolling land some 15 miles from Avalon. Isthmus history traces back to sun-worshipping Indians, who lived almost entirely on abalone and whose artifacts are still found throughout the area. In the Civil War a California regiment was stationed there to shoo off smugglers who stashed illegal Chinese immigrants in Catalina's lonely caves, and keep watch over a disorderly gang of miners that were working that end of the island. Today the regiment barracks have been converted into a clubhouse and sleeping quarters for the Isthmus Yacht Club. About 50 of the several hundred moves made over the years at Catalina, including *Ram* and the original *Mutiny on the Bounty*, have been filmed on Isthmus Cove's palm-shaded, crescent beach.

Where Avalon has been the mecca of the middle-class, one-shot tourist, the Isthmus—bounded by two excellent harbors—has long attracted the boating crowd. Near the turn of the century, yachtsmen sailed over from the mainland for lively weekends at the large frame house (now a girls' camp) built by one of the Bannings. On a big weekend these days the harbors are jammed with up to 500 boats. Owners pay a landing fee of \$20 a year or a single-trip charge of \$2 per adult and \$1 per child. About 75 harbor moorings are privately owned; the rest are rented by the island company for \$7.50 to \$12.50 for a three-day weekend.

Around the Isthmus, along the calm northwest shore, are the island's best boating and fishing waters. Barracuda, bonito, yellowtail and halibut are hauled in by sport and commercial fishermen alike. The company has leased several coves and mooring sites to extensions of mainland boat clubs; it has applications for many more but is holding off until the basic facilities can be put up.

Catalina has plenty of wildlife besides fish and tourists: Buffalo (nobody calls them bison) roam the island in two herds. The first was left there 30-odd years ago after the filming of a western. The second was introduced a few years later in hopes of supplementing the original, but the two herds refused to mingle. Wild boar were brought from neighboring Santa Cruz Island in the mid-'30s, mainly to keep down the rattlesnakes. Ocer have proliferated from the original sick and wounded specimens sent over to recu-

perate by the California Fish and Game Commission.

The most prolific and vexing animals on Catalina are the mountain goats. They were brought in as milk producers by the Spanish settlers, and they have been multiplying ever since. Land Manager Doug Propst would cheerfully gun them down to manageable size, but P. K. Wrigley will have none of that. "Mr. Wrigley has a soft spot for the goats," says Propst. "I guess he figures they're a Catalina tradition. We just try to fend them off from the good grazing land,

sheep or antelope or exotic game birds."

Islanders, who are fiercely proud of their own quiet way of life, are especially conscious of the difference in sheer human numbers between booming southern California and static Catalina. Says Public Relations Man Gene Haney, "We think there are things more worthwhile than participating in the population explosion. We're happy to be as we were 20 or 40 years ago. We want to keep clean and painted and rebuilt, but we don't aim to turn things upside down."

Neither, apparently, does P. K. Wrig-



FAMILIAR TO MOVIEGOERS AS PRIZE "LOCATION" ISTHMUS IS YACHTSMEN'S HAVEN

and hope they'll run out of food or fall off the cliffs into the ocean."

Catalina's hunting program, curtailed for the present by drought, is scheduled for revival in the fall of 1962. The company is undertaking a game management program and hiring a full-time man to run it. "This will be honest-to-God hunting," says Propst, "not the put-and-take type of thing. It'll be a bit expensive, too. We're aiming at the high-caliber hunter, the guy who can come over and spend \$50 to \$60 a day at it. We'll have deer, quail and wild boar to shoot at. And if things work out we may import wild

key. "Our view of Catalina's future," said P. K. recently, "is no different from what it was 40 years ago. My father always had faith in the growth potential of California, particularly southern California and the Los Angeles area. He believed L.A. would grow to be the biggest city in the world and that Catalina would be part of the whole development."

When will development come to Catalina? "I can't say. But we're ready to go as soon as the water situation is solved. We're like the fire department—we have a nice shiny engine backed into the firehouse and no place to go." **END**

Mr. Crash of the Tigers

That's what they call Detroit's Norm Cash, whose surprising slugging is a big reason for the team's high position. Cash still relies on the bench for advice on how to play first base

Norman Dalton Cash is a cattle rancher who runs Herefords on his father-in-law's spread near Eldorado, Texas. His brand, in cattleman's language, will very likely be called the Circle Double-C; in any other language, it's a baseball. That, of course, is the most appropriate brand young (26) Mr. Cash could have chosen. He bought his first calves with \$7,000 in World Series money earned as a member of the 1959 Chicago White Sox. As the best hitter in the American League—at the moment—and first baseman for the league-leading

Detroit Tigers, he'll probably add a good-sized herd to his holding this year.

The other afternoon he sat in the Detroit dugout, squinting out at the batting cage, where Minnie Minoso of the White Sox was taking his flamboyant cuts at the bull. Hanging from an upper deck in Tiger Stadium, a banner moved gently in the breeze; on it was lettered "Mr. Crash!" This is a nickname Cash has fallen heir to this year with very good reasons. As of last weekend he led the American League in hitting (at .373), was second in runs batted in (with 68), and third in home runs (24). He is also one of only three batters who have ever hit a baseball completely out of Tiger Stadium.

"Sure is a long way from Justiceburg where I was raised," he said, wonderingly. "You got to be lucky to get here. You figure I was raised 15 miles outside a town had only 80 people, two service stations, one general store and a post office. And the post office was in the general store. My daddy was a dryland cotton farmer. I could have been chopping cotton all my life."

He did chop cotton for a long time—which may account for his extraordinary wrists; he flicks his bat around as easily as most men would swing a switch.

"My family didn't even know what shape a baseball was," he said. "They do now. But I got started playing softball. I never saw a hard-ball game until I was a sophomore at San Angelo Junior College. First it was hard for me to hit. I couldn't wait long enough, after hitting softball pitchers."

Cash went from San Angelo Junior

College to Sul Ross State College in west Texas. He went on a football scholarship; in his junior year he was drafted by the Chicago Bears (their 13th pick) as a future possibility.

"I gained around 1,500 yards that year," he said. "But I figured I was too little to play pro ball. I only weighed about 175. Anyway, a White Sox scout signed me to a major league contract after my junior year. He was a real nice guy named Mel Preisbruch."

The path from Justiceburg to Detroit led through Waterloo in the Three-Eye League, Fort Bliss for a year in service, Indianapolis, Chicago and Cleveland. During his baseball journeys, Cash got the reputation of being a good hitter against right-handed pitching and a mediocre outfielder. Al Lopez, the White Sox manager, suggested that he buy a first-base mitt in 1958, and Cash invested \$22, wisely. ("He didn't have the arm for the outfield," says Lopez. "And he was left-handed, too, so I figured he'd be better off at first base.")

Trade win

When Cash finally reached Detroit last year (in a straight trade with Cleveland for an infielder named Steve Demeter, who promptly subsided into the minor leagues), he played first base with considerable zeal but little skill. He was used only against right-handed batters, but still hit 18 home runs, 16 doubles and batted in 63 runs.

"I projected that performance," says Bob Scheffing, who became the Tiger manager this year. "He did it in 353 times at bat. Give him 550 times at bat, you have to figure him for maybe 25 home runs, 90-odd runs batted in. That's one of the reasons why we played him this spring. Besides, he was the best first baseman we had. We had to go with him."



IN CIVVIES, CASH LOOKS LIKE TEEN-AGER

In spring training, Cash took an intensive course in the intricacies of fielding a batted ball. His instructor was Phil Cavarretta, who had played first base in the major leagues for 22 years.

"He was doing three things wrong," says Cavarretta. "He was committing himself too soon on ground balls, so that if he misjudged their direction his momentum carried him by the ball. On low throws to first, he was swiping at the ball with his glove and looking away. And he was trying to catch the ball with one hand. He's got small hands and he has to use both of them."

Ground work

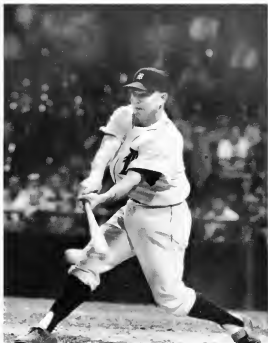
Cavarretta hit endless ground balls at Cash during the spring and he threw low, skipping balls to him to teach him to make the pickup. "Man, he had bruises on his shins, his kneecaps and all over his body," Cavarretta says. "But he never quit. He's not a bad first baseman now."

Cash still watches Cavarretta to find out where to play during a game. "I've got a lot to learn," he says. "Sometimes I'm not sure where I should be with men on base, so I always watch Phil and he motions to me where to go. If I don't understand, I take time out and ask him. I'd rather make an ass of myself that way than cost the club a run."

No one gave Cash instructions on batting. He didn't need any. "Watch him," Scheffing said recently when Cash was in the batting cage. "He's got the quickest bat I ever saw. And he's got a compact, controlled swing. Reminds you of a golf swing. His right arm is straight when he hits the ball. If he misses, you never see him spin around and fall down. He's always balanced. They said he couldn't bat left-handers, but only the real good ones give him trouble. And they give everyone trouble, don't they?"

Cash himself does not worry much about left-handers. "The big trouble I have with them is the strike zone," he says. "The ball's coming in from a different angle and I have to adjust to it. I swing at more bad pitches against left-handers, I guess. But I don't mind being there against them and get my share of hits, somehow."

Cash is a solidly built 190 pounds now. He looks very much like a famous fellow Texan, Donk Walker. He has the same sloping shoulders, thick arms and powerful legs and the same sharp, greenish-brown eyes. The sudden fame that comes with an outsize production of home runs has disrupted his life considerably, he



EVEN AGAINST LOW PITCH, CASH'S SWING IS PERFECTLY BALANCED ON IMPACT

appears more puzzled by it than impressed. The other morning he was eating a late breakfast in the coffee shop at Detroit's Sheraton-Cadillac Hotel. The waitress had given him only a cursory glance when he sat down; he has not been famous long enough for his face to be well known. Sherm Lollar, the White Sox catcher, walked in, and Cash grinned at his ex-teammate.

"He, Garbage Feet," Cash said, then turned to his companion. "Oh! Garbage Feet taught me all I know about playing first base."

"Don't worry about the feet," Lollar said. "It's the hands. You got the good hands, the feet take care of themselves."

Luis Aparicio came in and smiled at Cash. "What's the matter?" he said. "You losing your power? No home runs last night."

The waitress came back with Cash's order. Aparicio stopped her. "You know who this is?" he said. "This is Norm Cash."

She put down the ham and eggs and looked at Cash doubtfully. "Are you really Norm Cash?" she asked. "He's just kidding, isn't he?"

"No," said Cash.

For the next 20 minutes he signed autographs, stopping once to ask how to spell Dorothy.

"I guess I got to get used to it," he said later, on the way to the ball park. "Kids on my lawn at 7:30 in the morning, waiting for me to come out of the house. Everything's different now. Even batting. The pitchers got my head bobbing like a cork up there at the plate. I don't mind being brushed back but I don't like them throwing at my head. I guess they think they're justified."

He still digs in at the plate with determination, bean ball or no. Watching him in the batting cage that day, Scheffing said, "That boy is no flash in the pan. With the eyes and the wrists and the swing he has, he'll be a better all his life. All his baseball life."

END

The battle of the boycott

A tough Illinois horseman has everyone in a tizzy because of his demands for American rules

If major league hitters refused to play any more games until they were allowed four instead of three strikes—and seemed to be getting away with it—the situation in baseball would be roughly the same as it is today in the horse show world. A boycott by participants has been called, and it is working.

George Jayne, a tough gentleman from Palatine, Ill., who trains jumping horses, is leading the rebellion against the American Horse Shows Association (the sport's ruling body) because of two rules he and his followers find objectionable. The first concerns the scoring of jumping horses. Under traditional American rules, if a horse touches a fence a fault is scored. Under international (FEI) rules, touches do not count, but the time a horse takes to go around the ring does count in the scoring; furthermore, all riders are required to weigh in at 165 pounds or carry lead. Jayne prefers the American way in which speed does not count. Time classes, he maintains, lead to dangerous jumping and accidents, thus discouraging the amateur owner from competing. And at most shows the weighing out and in is badly managed and often becomes a farce. But the AHSA refuses to modify the international rules by dropping the time and weight requirements.

The second point of issue concerns the AHSA's demand that all Class-A horse shows must offer two international class jumping events. The rebels feel that Americans who have no interest in such events should not be forced to participate in them.

As a result of the boycott, 14 shows in the Midwest have canceled their international classes. At the Grosse Pointe (Mich.) Horse Show last month, which did offer international events, one class



TRAINER GEORGE JAYNE LEADS THE REVOLT AGAINST INTERNATIONAL REGULATIONS

would have been canceled because of lack of entries, if the management had not bowed to Jayne's boycott and dropped the time and weight specifications. But if Jayne is winning converts in the Midwest, he is making no headway among the big eastern shows. In fact, supporters there of the international rules are putting on more international classes than ever, and even complete international shows. As a final retaliation, the New York National Horse Show at Madison Square Garden plans to drop the American three-day touch-and-out event for jumpers, a longtime fixture at the Garden, and substitute for it a three-day international competition. Jayne's reply is a threat to sue the AHSA on the ground that it is a monopoly. For good or ill, the deep and longtime resentment of the professional trainers toward the international set—essentially, of Midwest versus eastern control of the sport—is out in the open.

Aside from the Grosse Pointe Horse Show's trouble with George Jayne, the

four-day event, this year celebrating its golden anniversary, lacked vigor and excitement, moving for the most part at a very tired pace. The saddle-horse division was so lightly filled as to be almost nonexistent, yet management changed the schedule for one evening and held three saddle events in a row, an impossible situation for the exhibitors. There were long pauses, during which spectators were obliged to watch the ring being dragged, in order to give riders time to change horses and clothes.

Although there was a great deal of quality in the hunter division, the performances were, for the most part, very poor. Exhibitors complained that the courses had too many vertical fences. They also blamed the scheduling, which put many of their classes at sundown, just when the glare raked the eyes of both horse and rider. Knockdowns and ragged jumping were the result.

Despite this, Mrs. J. Deane Rucker's Cold Climate, a handsome chestnut machine of a hunter, turned in some brilliant rounds and, repeating his Devon

triumph, was the conformation champion. In the process, the 6-year-old gelding retired two challenge trophies for his elderly Michigan owner.

On the brighter side, the recent Pin Oak show in Houston demonstrated what a superb spectacle can be presented to the public when there is no dissension between management and participants. It was run with pace and precision, and standing-room-only crowds were present every night for four nights to see well-filled and closely competed classes. Among the stand-out winners was Mr. and Mrs. Don Decker's two-time world champion three-gaited mare, Delightful Society, who added another championship to her impressive list. And W. C. Madlener's fine harness horse, Colonel Boyle, was in a class by himself. The Colonel appears to be headed for another undefeated season this year.

Second to Colonel Boyle was that great old show horse, The Lemon Drop Kid. Back in Trainer Jay Utz's hands, Lemon has made a heart-warming comeback; he is as sharp-eared as a colt just being introduced to the show ring. While he may not be the Lemon of his brilliant years, he is still good enough to lick anyone but Colonel Boyle, and he twice defeated his old rival, Calcutta.

There was another kind of comeback at Houston, this one more amusing than dramatic. During the amateur five-gaited class, Joan Robinson Hill's mare, Precious Possession, had an accident that most exhibitors of saddle horses dread. She lost her flowing, blonde—but, alas, false—tail in the middle of the class. By the time repairs were made, much of the class was over, and the mare was tied third. But later in the Amateur Stake, with tail firmly attached, Precious Possession made an excellent show and won the Amateur five-gaited championship.

The open five-gaited stake and championship was hotly contested. Greenhill Stables' Daydream, the beautiful mare that won the stake at Kansas City last year (SL, Nov. 14, 1960), fought it out with Judy Kaufman's King Lee. The fast-moving King Lee was as fast as ever on the workout, and Daydream could not catch him. By winning for the third time, King Lee also retired the big challenge trophy. In their box, Mrs. Henry Kaufman and daughter Judy watched the presentation of trophies, ribbon and roses with eyes awash with tears. "They are very emotional," said a fellow box holder. "They cry when they lose and cry even more when they win!" **END**

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED JULY 30, 1961

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USLTA PRESIDENT George Barnes (center) plans the American approach to open tennis with fellow officials. The U.S. aim is to let each nation make up its own mind about the matter.

OPEN THE DOOR

(continued from page 17)

France will each suggest a slightly different way of approaching it. The Americans favor a sort of "local option" under which each nation could hold as many open tournaments as it liked or none at all. The British would put open play on an experimental basis for one year and restrict it to the eight major tournaments recognized by the ILTF. The French would permit open competition in the eight official areas but would not necessarily throw the area championships themselves open to the pros.

But these differences of approach are mere gnats to be strained at compared to the hulking camel of intransigence represented by Australia under the leadership of its new association president, Norman Strange, a sworn Kramer foe. Since the last federation meeting, Australia (12 votes) has flipped 180° from its permissive position of 1960. Now it is flatly opposed to open tennis in any form. Thus the champions of the open game will be confronted with the problem of making up not a mere five votes, as was the case last year, but a deficit of at least 29; and Australia will doubtless prove a potent bellwether in leading even more votes out of the fold.

Strange, a hardheaded, combative sort of businessman, puts his stand for amateurism on what he believes is a strictly commercial basis. Pointing to the sold-

out stands at Wimbledon last week, he asked, "If one had a business producing such a handsome profit as this, would one take in a partner who makes no contribution?" In any open tournament, Strange insists, the top 12 men would all be pros, "and every one of them would owe his success to the training and efforts made on his behalf by the amateur organizations."

Australia has—or thanks it has—a further cogent argument against the open in the fact that it has won the Davis Cup in nine of the last 11 years. The prestige inherent in the cup and the gate receipts that follow it would promptly shrink, so the argument runs, if the cup remained amateur while Wimbledon and Forest Hills went pro. But last year the stands at White City in Sydney stood half empty during the cup matches anyway.

What is amateur?

Australia's Strange makes no claim that tennis is simon-pure. He concedes that "some chaps are going around the world taking money under the table," and even that some of his own Davis Cup stars are among them. "Everybody knows that," he says as if it made no real difference at all. "That kind of thing has been going on for years, but they don't make fortunes out of it. They don't make the \$30,000 or \$40,000 that Kramer pays. They probably come back to Australia with only a couple of hundred pounds." They also come back to

salaries, not precisely earned, which have been accumulating during their absence from nominal jobs with Australia's sporting goods firms. Strange does not consider that pertinent.

With no hope of persuading Australia to change its mind and vote in favor of the open, the U.S.-French-British troika has dared at least to hope that it might persuade Strange to abstain from voting altogether and thus give the rest of the world a chance to experiment. But Strange made it clear last week that he wants no part of such shilly-shallying. The game as far as he is concerned will remain just as it is—strictly amateur.

But what is strictly amateur?

A special committee of the ILTF has already been appointed to study and delineate the essential nature of amateurism as it applies to tennis. It will make its report in 1962. Meanwhile the most devoted advocate of pure amateurism in the tennis world is fighting hardest for the open game. ILTF President Jean Borotra, now a prosperous manufacturer of gasoline pumps, has spent his time and substance touring the world as a missionary in behalf of what he feels is true amateurism as against what he calls "damn sham" amateurism.

It takes hours for the voluble Borotra to expound the doctrine behind his special solution to the problem in tennis. But, in brief, he would establish three classes of players: 1) the professionals, who would remain outside the amateur associations and govern themselves; 2) what he now calls "nonamateurs," who would be authorized to accept money openly for playing and would continue to be governed by the amateur associations; and 3) true amateurs, who would get only bare expenses and enjoy the satisfaction of having the world know it.

As a solution to the ills of tennis, this idea has not been widely welcomed, but Borotra is still fighting for it and even its opponents concede that it would inject an element of honesty into the present shameful situation. It is the moral harm that sham amateurism has inflicted on tennis that most worries Borotra. A member of the Comité de Coubertin, dedicated to the ideals of the Frenchman who revived the Olympic Games, Borotra and his friend Avery Brundage share the same ideals of amateurism. But unlike Brundage, Borotra 10 years ago reluctantly arrived at the conviction that unadulterated amateurism is no longer possible in big-time sport, not even in the Olympics. He believes that

if his proposal were to be adopted by the ruling federations of tennis, it could then lead the way to other sports.

"There must be open tournaments, not only in tennis but in every sport in general," he said recently over a luncheon table in Paris, where he also debated the morality of pouring an excellent red Bordeaux over a dish of superbly flavored wild strawberries. He finally decided that this would be immoral on the ground that the Bordeaux detracted from the strawberries and the strawberries from the Bordeaux, "a pagan thing to do, my wine-grower friends would say." But then he poured the wine on the berries anyway, after scrupulously removing all bruised fruit from his plate.

"The real amateur," he went on, "should be something clean, something pure, not something watered down. *Vodka!*"

Sandlots and champs

Actually pure amateur tennis—tennis on the participant level where people are playing each other for the fun of it—has never been healthier. In the U.S. alone there are now, for the first time

in history, more tennis players than golfers, according to estimates of the Athletic Institute. All told, there were 6,714,000 U.S. tennis players in 1959 (latest available figures) as against 4,700,000 in 1946. The reasons behind this have little to do with the state of tournament tennis. For one thing, land values have risen so much that it is extremely costly to acquire land for golf courses. For another, now high schools have been installing tennis courts to such an extent that tennis now ranks eighth among 25 high school sports. It is played in 4,376 schools, and its 48,708 players on interscholastic teams rank just behind the number of football players. A survey of college students showed that 12% of male students and 28% of females preferred tennis to all other games. There is even a sudden spurt of "bath and tennis" clubs on the U.S. West Coast to supplant the more expensive golf clubs. Many bitter opponents of open tennis cite these facts as sound arguments for leaving tournament tennis alone, but the two have little connection. The existence of Mickey Mantle and his paycheck have not, according to any known records, done much to discourage sand-

lot baseball. It can even be argued that Mickey has helped the amateur game.

"To inspire the amateur to full development in any sport," says Jean Borotra, "there must be a champion. And in today's world none but the very rich or those who are subsidized—by the state, as in Russia; by colleges, as in America; by commercial houses, as in Australia—can give themselves to the year-round training and competition necessary to achieve a champion's excellence.

"Conditions have changed since 1900," he says. "We are no longer in Newport or in Southampton. We are in the hard world of 1961." In his concern for all sport, not just tennis, Borotra believes the men who lead tennis have "a duty to tell the truth to the world and say that it is impossible to be a champion and an amateur too." Tennis, he holds, is in a fortunate position in this regard because it is not an Olympic sport and can therefore take a stand on its own.

"So, you see," he said, "it is a year of crisis for tennis, but it is also a year of crisis for all sport. If we succeed in saving tennis, it would show the example to the rest of the sports." **END**

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'STOP YOUR ENGINES'

continued from page 27

approved both races, and then sent the matter on to the executive committee for consideration. The executive committee reversed the decision, and passed the matter up to the board of governors for a final verdict. The board of governors sustained the executive committee! Mosport and Indianapolis were out. Postcards were sent out to the SCCA's licensed racing drivers forbidding them to compete in the two USAC-staged races.

But by then only three weeks remained before those races, and a few drivers who had assumed that the competition events committee's word was decisive had already filed entries. The Automobile Competition Committee then slapped its suspension on SCCA drivers. The USAC and the promoters at Mosport were enraged.

Out into the open

All parties to the controversy were on shaky ground—the SCCA for failing to make its stand clear to its own drivers and to the other groups, the USAC and the ACC for failing to trace the responsibility for the SCCA stand to the highest authority, and the SCCA drivers for jumping to conclusions in the first place. But at least the problem was brought out into the open for public inspection. The question remained whether the affected groups would sit down and work out a sensible solution.

At the heart of the problem is the SCCA's staunch insistence on amateurism. The club was formed after the war by a group of dedicated men, some well off and some of modest means, who shared a passion for road racing in the European manner, bought European sports cars and raced them where they could—on private estates and on rural roads closed for the purpose. But as the sport caught on there developed an ever-widening gulf between the majority who sought only weekend pleasure without ambitions to be first-rate drivers and the tiny minority who could excel but were denied pay for their proficiency. The sport moved to abandoned airfields and then to the dozen or so specially created closed-road circuits like the one at Lime Rock. The Penskes and Ryans of the 1950s—Phil Hill, Carroll Shelby, Masten Gregory—reached the limit of what the SCCA could offer and departed to make their way in the European big

time and the occasional American professional race. Others of similar caliber—most notably Walt Hansgen, who is a familiar member of Sportsman Briggs Cunningham's large, well-equipped SCCA team—elected to string along with the native game.

Then, in 1958, the USAC, which had previously confined itself to big car, sprint, midget and stock car events, moved to embrace professional road racing. From the first it worked aggressively to attract name drivers, but even so, by last year its championship series had only five events. The SCCA, despite its rigid amateurism, still had many more large-scale events and, on balance, the better drivers. The USAC could not, and the SCCA would not, close the gap between them.

SCCA Chairman Jack Hinkle, a tanned, hawk-faced oilman who races a bird-cage Maserati purely for pleasure, last week bluntly enunciated the club's amateur position. "The SCCA," he said, "is, simply, a gentlemen's racing club. We don't belong in the general run of pro races. We simply are not going to share our drivers with the pros and the professional promoters. What we do is give specific approval to a few of the top glamour races to please a small number of our drivers."

This year, apart from the traditional Sebring and Nassau races, the SCCA has approved just two USAC events, both in California (at Riverside and Laguna Seca) and neither due until autumn. Considering Hinkle's determination not to cater to the gifted minority—which would like very much to compete in an ambitious USAC series as well as the SCCA nationals, regardless of any prize money to be earned—and the equally hard line of USAC and the ACC, the future of the Penskes and Ryans obviously is in doubt.

And yet in all the muddled FLA-ACC-USAC-SCCA alphabet soup, the simple love of competitive machinery, sporting aspiration and good fellowship which started sports car racing in the first place are very much alive in such as Peter Barry Ryan. After losing by a split second to Penske at Lime Rock, Ryan explained his defeat in a single sentence. "Roger just had too many cubes," he said, meaning cubic inches of engine. If the alphabet boys could see their way to being that clear and direct, American road racing would be a long step nearer the immensely popular future it deserves. **END**

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BASEBALL'S WEAPON

continued from page 29

The ultimate counter to the bean ball is to start a riot, preferably on the pitcher's supine form. Don Drysdale threw behind Johnny Logan's neck when Logan played for Milwaukee, and Logan led a battalion of Braves in a short charge. Eddie Mathews worked on Drysdale's head, Logan handled the body punching, and after the tall pitcher had been felled, Carl Sawatski, a large-hipped catcher, sat on his chest. Drysdale escaped with contusions which, considering the odds, was a tribute to his powers of self-preservation.

Joe Adcock, convinced that Ruben Gomez was throwing at him, once sprinted to the mound, whereupon Gomez sprinted to center field, a distance of 70 yards, in 7.2 or 7.3 seconds. (As always, officials' watches varied.) Other inciters include Billy Martin and Carl Furillo, the latter establishing a National League record for slow-reaction time. After being hit on the wrist, Furillo trotted to first base, mused extensively on man's inhumanity and finally bolted toward the Giant dugout where he was ultimately diverted from his intention to assault and batter Leo Durocher, the once and future manager. Furillo had decided that Durocher ordered the pitch.

Such considerations as these, rather than Rule 8.02 (c), make most pitchers somewhat reluctant to throw bean balls. The brushback is effective enough, and besides, there are other means of squaring personal grudges. "I like to hit a guy once in a while," one veteran concedes. "I don't want to murder anyone, but I want them to know that when I'm working they can get hurt." This pitcher has perfected a fast ball at the rib cage. "Nobody gets killed that way, but when a guy takes my fast ball in the ribs, he knows he's been hit," Jim Brosnan of Cincinnati is on record with a statement that he has tried to hit batters, and of course an enraged pitcher may try to bean a batter at any time.

It is difficult to determine whether more bean balls and brushbacks are thrown these days than formerly. Branch Rickey has said that pitchers throw at, or close to, hitters less. Andy High, a fine third baseman in the 1920s, feels that pitchers throw toward hitters more. A greater number of outliners agree with Rickey, but many of them suffer from the Cobb syndrome: *i.e.*, baseball was better, rougher and more American

in the old days. The weighted results of a poll prove nothing.

Most of the truly great pitchers brushed back hitters, but only incidentally. "It would be an insult to the memory of Christy Mathewson to call him a knock-down pitcher," Rickey says. "Matty was a master of velocity and rotation. He could learn to throw any sort of breaking ball as soon as he saw it." Still, a hitter leaning in to hit one of Mathewson's breaking pitches courted Mathewson's fast ball, high, tight and hard.

Grover Cleveland Alexander, who pitched 16 shutouts in 1916, possessed a quick curve and a fine sinker. "Alex didn't knock you back much," recalls Hans Lobert, who hit against him, or tried to. "But whenever he did win you, it hurt like hell. He threw a heavy ball. It felt like a chunk of cement."

Walter Johnson, probably the fastest of all pitchers, was one of the few who was genuinely afraid of hitting anyone. Ty Cobb reportedly crowded the plate against Johnson, and the pitcher, considering his speed and his conscience, felt obliged to work the outside corner. It was a neat trick, but never widely popular. Plate-crowding against Johnson demanded arrogance and a taste for self-destruction.

Although Mathewson, Alexander and Johnson are a trio not easily matched, pitching generally has grown better and more sophisticated, as befits a semi-science, and there is not much question but that Sal Maglie carried knockdown research further than anyone had before. Reflecting in tranquility now, as a coach with the Boston Red Sox, he points out: "It depends on the ball game when you use it. The pitch is no good for a two-strike no-ball situation [which is when it was traditionally used—the son of a *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* editor was benched in a Little League game last week on a two-strike, no-ball count, showing that children are traditionalists after all]. There it's routine. It's expected. A good time is two and two." By using the knockdown when it was unexpected, Maglie made it the expected pitch every time he wound up.

Hitters' choices as the best knockdown pitchers practicing today are Drysdale, Larry Jackson of the Cardinals, Art Ditmar of the Athletics, Jim Coates of the Yankees, Jim Perry of the Indians and Early Wynn. Drysdale, Jackson and Perry, comparatively young, undoubtedly profit from the lessons Maglie

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learned. Wynn, a contemporary of Maglie's, has conducted his own independent research. His particular contribution to the art of the knockdown is a glare, devoid of expression and therefore devoid of humanitarianism, preceding each pitch. It has been known to intimidate not only the batter but the man in the on-deck circle.

How important, then, is the knockdown in winning games? By itself, it has no importance. Any muscular young man can throw at other people's heads, but few muscular young men can win in the major leagues. The knockdown is important only when a pitcher knows how to use it, working it into a combination of curves and fast balls and sliders. Then it changes the very nature of the game.

Ultimately, contemporary baseball has been created in the image of Babe Ruth. The home run, that utter negation of the pitcher's might, dominates. It is what fans come to see. It is why fences are close. It provides the climactic instant of modern baseball.

More than any other single act, the high, inside fast ball alters that emphasis. Bean ball, brushback, knockdown—all these terms conjure up the image of a fallen man. Perhaps he is twitching. Perhaps he is lying still. Either way, the game is forgotten. When it is remembered and resumed, the fresh image lingers. The pitcher suddenly seems vicious. Each pitch becomes explosive with danger. For that time at least, in a hitters' game, the balance has shifted. For that time, the pitcher rules and the shade of Ruth lies still.

Once long ago I walked into the Dodger trainers' room, just after Carl Furillo had been felled. The ball had struck his hand and smashed into his nose, remodeling it. Furillo, a powerful, perfectly proportioned man, was lying on a table, ice packs covering his nose and his eyes, so that he could not see. He was lying very still, very quiet.

"How do you feel?" I asked, offering my hand.

He clutched the hand hard, as one does in blindness. "That you?" he wanted to know, calling my name.

"Yes."

"Hey," Furillo said, "am I gonna be O.K.?"

Only a few days later I heard a baseball official say that knockdowns were not much of a factor in the game. They didn't bother ballplayers, he said. Only fans and newspapermen.

END



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They Kill Them with Kindness

by JACK OLSEN

The trophy hunter, a relatively new species on the sporting scene, is an outdoorsman who deals in what at first glance appears to be conspicuous destruction. He charges off to distant places, spends stacks of money and kills the most magnificent animals he can find. Then he brings home the carefully processed remains so that he can admire them as they lie elegantly on the floor or glare down from the walls of his trophy room.


But the strictly pure and dedicated trophy hunter does not go shooting for his trophy room alone. Nor does he go out for any of the other reasons people usually associate with hunting. He does not, for example, shoot

continued

*T*acks and horns and handsome hides attest to the hunting skills of Maurice Machis, millionaire oilman who seasons safaris with a pleasant touch of philanthropy.







*F*ramed by the massive tusks of African elephants, sportsman Elgin Gates poses in his California home, whose rooms he had specially designed to display his 145 big game trophies.

animals for their meat. He does not reckon on the success of a hunt in the number of animals slaughtered. He does not go into the jungle or the tundra merely to accumulate taller and taller stories to tell and retell when he returns to his home in Bayonne, N.J. What he wants are records—palpable records for the big game listings. He may be after the world-record walrus, or a Dall sheep to round out his "grand slam" in sheep, or simply a rare type of African antelope that would look good in the bare spot over there in the corner between the dik-dik and the bushbuck. Anything else he passes up.

There have, of course, always been trophy collectors. Queen Elizabeth I was one. She ordered her sea captains to bring home antlers from the various North American deer, which she then had mounted on handsomely carved heads modeled after European red deer and roebuck. Some of them are still in the horn room of Windsor Castle, where they cause untold confusion to visiting naturalists and hunters. The modern counterpart of Queen Bess was a Dr. Beck of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., who at one time possessed half a dozen world-record animals, none of which he had designed to shoot himself. He simply bought them from hunters. In between the queen and Dr. Beck there were thousands of panting game hogs who went to Africa and Alaska and South America, cleaned up on the native fauna and brought home shiploads of heads and horns and antlers to prove their manliness. Their usual technique was to shoot anything that breathed, then select the larger specimens for the home folk and leave the rest for the vultures.

The new-type trophy hunter, a product largely of the post-World War II period, takes a different approach, partly by choice and partly because big game species had been so badly decimated that a new approach was a necessity. The modern trophy hunter usually goes into the field with one or a few specific trophies in mind. Suppose he wants a record-class elk. The hunter may look over hundreds of elk before sighting the one he wants. His hunt may last a week or a month, and may range over thou-

sands of square miles of countryside, and may cost him several months' pay. If he sees a specimen, he stalks and kills. If he fails to spot what he wants, he goes home without having taken a shot. Does that make the trip a failure? Not to the modern trophy hunter. He is a man proud of his lack of bloodlust. The verbs "kill" and "shoot" are almost unused by him; he prefers euphemisms. The well-

ing for a record-class nyala. Spotting nothing but inferior specimens, he returned to his home in Newport Beach, Calif., his cartridge belt still holding the 20 rounds of ammunition he had taken with him.

Now, there are many hunters who think this sort of approach is sophisticated nonsense. "Why would I want to spend half my life trying to shoot the



Small matters like a plane wreck did not keep Bert Klineburger from getting his bear.

known trophy hunter, Robert M. Lee, once managed the difficult task of writing a book containing 15 pictures of animals he had killed without using the word "shot" more than once in the captions. Seven of the specimens were "obtained," six were "taken," one was "bagged," and only a rhino "which charged the author" was "shot."

"Pulling the trigger on an animal," says Hunter Elgin T. Gates, "is almost an anticlimax. The thrill is in the search, in trying to outwit some wise old male. The thrill, in other words, is in the *hunting*." Gates ought to know; he once spent nine days clambering up and down a storm-lashed peak in Ethiopia, look-

ing for a record-class nyala. Spotting nothing but inferior specimens, he returned to his home in Newport Beach, Calif., his cartridge belt still holding the 20 rounds of ammunition he had taken with him. Now, there are many hunters who think this sort of approach is sophisticated nonsense. "Why would I want to spend half my life trying to shoot the

mist and hunter, knows one such who finally stayed put long enough to get married six months ago but since then has been off alone trophy-hunting five of those six months. Klineburger himself says that his wife lets him go on his frequent trophy jaunts to Alaska "because it makes me easier to live with when I come back." What he really means is that not going to Alaska makes him a

the details of each hunt. I don't go out on the street and grab people and say, 'Hey, come in here, I want you to see my great trophies.' But I do get a certain amount of pleasure out of having these trophies here for a few of my personal friends. And there's another thing that motivates me: I was the younger brother in my family, and I remember so many times when my older brother would get

working in the mines, there was a lot of competition among the older fellows for the biggest deer. I always wanted to beat. I'd be up two hours before it got light, and I'd go till I almost dropped. I'd sleep up on the mountain, and I'd do anything to get a bigger deer than the other fellows. It's the same thing that makes mountain climbers go up the highest peaks or people go across the English Channel in a bathtub. I think those people are a little crazy, and they think I am. But it's competition, the drive to be the best. Next year I intend to get the world-record moose—I'll get him or die trying. And I figure I want this moose because of that competition for deer when I was a kid, because the moose is the biggest member of the deer family. It all goes back to that competition in childhood, that 16-year-old thing."

Otto A. Koehler, San Antonio brewer and trophy hunter, sums up succinctly: "I go after trophies for one reason—to do better than the Joneses." He might have added that many people ski for the same reason or pole-vault or chase skirts. But there is an added motivation for the trophy hunter: he is acting out one of mankind's oldest fevers—the desire to collect. A short story of recent vintage described a man who collected animals and dumped them into a deep tar pit, where they would be perfectly preserved for posterity. He had collected two of just about everything, and his collection was all but complete, when a chance misadventure caused him to fall into his own tar pit. Just before his head went under for the last time he consoled himself with the thought that he had achieved the ultimate in collecting—he had collected himself.

Many a trophy hunter seems to be moved by this odd but powerful obsession; it is the same deep-rooted impulse which sends grown men carting across fields wielding butterfly nets or trudging head down across old battle-grounds looking for arrowheads. There is, in fact, hardly a trophy hunter who hasn't worked through the whole collecting spectrum, beginning with stamps and culminating in wild beasts. Says Gates: "It is a basic, fundamental human instinct to collect, and to keep for yourself the fruits of your collecting labors. Even the man who goes down to the bar on

continued



Record-class walrus rewarded Grancel Fitz after dangerous journey through pack ice.

misery, a fact that the candid Klineburger would be the first to admit.

Whence springs this deep motivation? One can only quote the trophy hunters. Says the darkly handsome Gates, often described as the world champion trophy hunter: "I'll give you an honest answer. Trophy hunting fulfills two big things for me—ego-satisfaction and recognition. Any way you try to cut it, those are the reasons. I'm not unmodest, but I'm not a frantic seeker to climb the ladder of publicity, either. Publicity and recognition are two different things. I walk into my trophy room, and I look around and I get all the satisfaction I want out of seeing them there and remembering keenly

to go to the circus or a show and my parents would say to me, 'Let Brother go this time, you can go next time.' And I built up an ironclad determination that someday, instead of playing second fiddle all the time, I was going to do something bigger and better to outdo my brother. One time my brother came to California to see my trophies, and I would be a liar if I didn't tell you that it gave me some small satisfaction to show them to him."

Most trophy hunters, like Gates, wear their motivations on their sleeves, and are proud of their strong competitive drives. Says Klineburger:

"When I was 16 years old in Arizona,

Saturday night and gets drunk in collecting. He is collecting experiences."

Gates started collecting pennies as a child selling newspapers. The desk in his study in Newport Beach is now covered with foreign and U.S. bills under glass. Locked away is a small fortune in gold coins collected all over the world. Stowed in glass-faced cabinets are 450 trophies won in onboard motorboat races (Gates is Southwest distributor for Mercury motors; he raced competitively to prove himself and his product). He has 700 butterflies, some of them extremely rare, which he has taken on safari in Africa. He shoots colorful birds with tiny, .22-caliber shot shells (so they won't be mangled), and now has about 50 of them in gay profusion about his house. He has 145 big game trophies on his walls, ranging in size from the elephant down to the little dik-dik, and not even he himself knows how many more he has stored in the attic. He collects books, movies of hunting trips, data about Communism, gewgaws and *objets d'art* from foreign lands, including drums, ivory statuettes, ebony carvings. He has book ends, wastebaskets, cigarette boxes, humidors and lamps, all made of various parts of zebras, elephants, buffaloes, rhinos, kudus and antelopes, and rugs of leopards, lions, bears, tigers and zebras.

Millionaire Oilman Maurice Machris of Los Angeles, a trophy hunter for a mere eight years, has a Noah's Ark complex of staggering proportions, and happily has channeled it in ways which have enriched museums and zoos. When Machris hits the trail with his gun, he usually takes as guests a posse of zoologists and botanists. They swoop down on the hunting area and gather up specimens of every living thing, including big game, plants, snakes, birds, fish, butterflies, and other insects. At the end of a typical Machris trophy hunt, the biologists are kept busy for four or five years sifting through the collections. On a single trip to Brazil, in company with eight scientists, Machris brought back 11,000 insects, out of which 18 new species have been found, and 1,000 plants, out of which 58 new varieties have turned up. The sorting process is still going on; the trip was in 1957. The New

Latin word *machrisae* now appears in the scientific names of several dozen new discoveries, including several water bugs. In all, 125 new varieties of life have been collected by the Machris expeditions: more will turn up. Machris considers all this a form of philanthropy, which indeed it is. It is also a way to act on the collecting impulse when there happen to be no good big game trophies in sight.

Despite his feverish record as a collector, Machris takes a relaxed attitude toward his trophy hunting. "You take a fellow who will go on four or five safaris a year," says Machris. "It ceases to be a pleasure any longer. It gets down to ditchdigging."

In some cases, it gets down to extreme personal danger, too. Take Berry B. Brooks, a charming and wealthy cotton merchant from Memphis. Brooks decided that he had to have a gaur (a large ox). To get one, he hunted right in the middle of the Vietnam revolution. All around him, Brooks recalls with disdain, "guerrillas were raiding villages, terrorizing the natives, beheading people and cutting throats. My Chinese cooks almost got into bed with me, they were so scared." But Brooks, winner of the Weatherby Trophy, big game hunting's Oscar, got his gaur. Klineburger, hunting in Alaska for a record-class brown bear, spotted a beauty from the air and ordered his pilot to land nearby on the muskeg. The plane crashed and flipped. Hanging upside down in their safety belts, pilot and hunter exchanged questions about each other's health and welfare, found that everything was in order and took off after the bear. It was the third plane Klineburger had crashed in his quest, but he figures it was worth while; according to Klineburger's tape measure the brownie now stands No. 2 in the world rankings.

Grancel Fitz, one of the best-known big game hunters and conservationists, set out in 1928 to take one specimen of each of the 25 legally huntable big game animals of North America. "I wanted a really good representative head of each kind that I would be satisfied with for the rest of my life," Fitz says, "and as soon as I would get one of a certain species I would be finished with that

species and go on to the next." Fitz was the first man to get all 25 species. It took him 30 years and 50 trips and more than one close shave on cliff and pack ice. He finished the collection in 1958 with a jaguar killed in Nayarit, Mexico; he had made seven previous trips in search of the big cat and had not so much as sighted one.

Gates, who has taken every trophy worth taking, including the Weatherby, topped off his collection just after Fitz. In 1959 he brought down what in some quarters is considered the most magnificent and unattainable animal of all: Marco Polo's sheep of Asia. The last time these *Ovis polii* were collected by a museum expedition was in 1927; their habitat—the wild, tumbling mountains where China, Pakistan, Kashmir, Afghanistan and Russia lie in uncomfortable juxtaposition—was considered inaccessible long before politics was added to the hazards of the hunt. To get an old man with horns measuring five feet around the curl, Gates had to climb 20,000 feet in the shadow of K2, endure blizzards and subzero temperatures, fight his way through chest-high snow and probe inside the borders of Red China at the risk of being trophy-collected himself by a Chinese patrol. He traveled 30,000 miles by airplane, automobile, train, yak and horse, and logged another 400 miles on foot. Later he was quoted on his reaction to the first sight of the rare animals.

"There they were! Nine *Ovis polii* rams with great flaring horns. . . . My heart was in my throat, and my hands started trembling so badly I had to lower my binoculars. I am not ashamed to say that tears of emotion ran down my face and froze. . . . It had been 30 years since the last one had been seen by a Westerner, 32 years since the last *polii* was taken by an American Museum expedition, and the first time in history that an American big game hunter had ever looked at these majestic animals."

Gates was not the only trophy hunter who was overcome with emotion at the feat; the whole world of big game hunters stood in awe, and a special citation was added to his four-foot-high Weatherby Trophy.

Having brought off this coup, Gates decided to hang up his guns except

continued



Dwight Kessel

A tiny jungle grotto tucked neatly below its left ear, the head of a bull elephant juts ominously above its beer-brewing conqueror, Otto A. Koehler of San Antonio, Texas.



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for an occasional trip with his two sons. His satisfaction will lie now in his extraordinary trophy room and the record books. He is listed 120 times in Rowland Ward's records of African and Asian animals, and 14 times in the books of the Boone and Crockett Club, a sportsmen's group which, by popular request of hunters, sits in judgment on all North American big game trophies.

B&C was started by Theodore Roosevelt in 1887; its membership is limited to 100, its chief measurer, arbiter and statistician is consulting nonmember Grancel Fitz, who studied the matter of trophies in the late 1930s and did not like what he found. The precise-minded Fitz felt that existing systems of measurements were ridiculous. World records were determined largely by the size of the skin, by the length of the longer horn or antler and by spread. At one time, the "world record" white-tailed deer was a specimen with a 36-inch antler on one side and a six-inch spike on the other. "It wasn't worth \$2," scoffs Fitz. "It was a freak. You might as well say that Siamese twins are the finest example of the human race because they have more arms and legs than other people."

Cheating was rampant under the old systems. The world-record bighorn horns were found to be made up of three different sets of horns skillfully blended. A record elk was found to be similarly foisted. Psychopathic braggarts would kill a moose with better-than-average antlers, split the skull down the middle and insert wedges to widen the spread. Then they would replace the hide over the skull and call in the neighbors. Others would steam a set of antlers until it softened a little, then increase the spread by yanking and tugging.

"Bearskin records were a joke," Fitz recalls. "I saw one guy who was really making himself a record skin. He had it fixed on the end of his cabin, drying. The four legs were stretched as far as human strength could stretch them and then pegged down. A four-by-four was nailed to the bottom edge and weighted with rocks. By the time that guy got finished, the bear that wore the skin could never have recognized it."



To get record-class Asian gaur, Berry Brooks of Memphis ignored revolution.

To put an end to such hanky-ponky, and to give some real meaning to the North American big game records, Boone and Crockett members called in Fitz and other experts and asked them to devise a better way. The result was the present system, a complex mass of measurements and calculations which only an advanced mathematician or a trophy hunter could love.

Its complexity notwithstanding, the B&C system has ordered the chaotic world of trophies and, perhaps most importantly, it has worked as a force in conservation. Hunters who once went out each year to pot the first deer that came along now go out to pot the big old buck which will get them in the B&C record book. As Fitz points out, no harm is done to a herd which loses its patriarch; he is going to be run out or die of old age or be killed by predators in a few years anyway; his stud years already have been lived.

The whole idea of going off to the woods to compete not only with nature but with one's fellow man in the record lists has so bewitched hunters that they are swamping Fitz and his helpers with entries in the record class. In B&C's 1950 competition there were 153 entries; by 1960 there were 10 times

as many, and the coming tabulation in March will show another doubling in the number. Says Fitz, with commingled pride and despair: "We have revived trophy hunting but good."

This fierce new competition has led to some bitter rhubarbs, with Fitz making supreme decisions from his trophy-filled penthouse in Manhattan. The most recent controversy involved a mammoth polar bear killed by Arthur Dubs of Medford, Ore. Mounted, the bear stands 11 feet 1½ inches, the tallest ever. But Fitz and the B&C Club take the position that bear records are meaningful only if based on the size of the skull. "The taxidermists seem to operate on the principle that what the hunter wants is altitude," Fitz grumbles, "and they mount these bears straight up in a position no polar bear has ever taken. Then they measure the height. And this can vary by as much as a foot or two for the same size skin." One can only pity poor Dubs. He may well have taken the biggest polar bear ever, but he can't even submit the skull for measurement because a piece of it was chipped off in the dressing operation. He is left with a gargantuan trophy totally lacking in official status.

Bear skulls are among the easier trophies to measure under the Boone and

continued

Crockett system. The hunter simply measures length and width and totals the numbers. But the killer of an antlered animal promptly finds himself consumed by arithmetic. Suppose you have shot a white-tailed deer, and you suspect it might be in the record class. You whip out your flexible steel tape and measure tip-to-tip spread, greatest spread, inside spread, total lengths of all abnormal points, length of main beam and name or 10 other items. Your score increases with the number of points on each antler. You are penalized for abnormalities. If the total figure adds up to record class, *i.e.*, if it is higher than the lowest-listed whitetail in the B&C record book, you submit the antlers to Fitz, who goes through the same measuring process and certifies the record. Then **YOUR NAME** goes into the B&C book, *Records of North American Big Game*, and you can see how many Joneses you did better than, and how many Joneses did better than you. This, to the modern, competitive trophy hunter, is apparently irresistible. But just as alluring are the memories and the impressions collected, what Fitz has described as "a sunset reflected in a hidden pond or the novel shape and color of an insect, or even the play of sunlight on an unfamiliar leaf." And finally there is the mysterious pull and tug which has sent men into the fields for millenniums, obsessed and tormented by the need to excel, to prove themselves, to win in fair and equal combat over beasts of tusk and horn. Elgin Gates described the feeling in a verse he wrote about the *Ovis poli*:

*Do you know the hand that leads me
—tossing thru this frozen waste
Where the trail is lost in deep eternal
snow?*

*Do you know what drives me onward
I must make that final close
For the hunter's horn has called and I
must go.*

*Tho I've searched my soul for reason
— I have sworn a sacred vow
Then I looked into the heavens for a
sign.*

*Now the ends of earth are nothing—
and although I know not how
Still the horns of *Ovis poli* will be mine.*



Arthur Duba stands in the shadow of his huge—and controversial—polar bear.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

The expansion to 10 teams and the longer schedule (each club will play 162 games instead of the usual 154) has brought a change in the statistics. Through June 30 last year 26½ games were played. At the same date this season there were 37½. On June 30 last year there were only seven players with 40 or more RBIs, led by New York's Roger Maris with 64. This season there were 23 men with 40 or more RBIs; Jim Gentile of Baltimore led with 67. Maris last year was as far from home runs with 25; this year, though hitting fewer homers per at bat (one for 9.4 last year, one for 9.7 in 1961), he led again, with 27. The big difference is that last year there were only 10 players with 10 or more homers, while this year there were 23. Bunting averages were high, too, which may demonstrate a thinning out of pitching talent among the 10 teams. Gentile led a group of 10-300 hitters in 1960 with .335. This year there were 14, headed by Norm Cash of Detroit with .367.

Even so, a power failure last week—lack of home runs—held Cleveland back. The Indians lost just one as they split six games. Home runs have been vitally important to this team. It won 26 of 34 games in which a player homered; in games in which there were none, the Indians' record was 18-25. Mickey Mantle and Roger Maris continued to supply New York with power. In all, the Yankees scored 42 runs, with Mantle (.500 and six homers for the week) driving in 13 and Maris (.435) driving in 10. Two of the Yankees' four wins—they lost two games—

were earned by Whitey Ford, who led the majors with 14 victories. Ted Bousfield, Ryne Duren and Ken McBride, who among them have won 14, were winners for Los Angeles. Duren, with a little relief help, beat the Yankees with a three-batter and stunted them with a two-run single, his fourth hit in four and a half years in the majors. Another hitting pitcher was Detroit's Don Mossi, who had two singles and three RBIs as he stopped Chicago—despite 15 White Sox hits. That ended the Tigers' losing streak at three and the White Sox' winning streak at 12. Detroit then beat Baltimore, another hot team, after the Orioles had swept four games from the Athletics. There was talk that Paul Richards, Baltimore manager, would take the job as GM with the new Houston team in the NL next season. Minnesota's Jack Kralick and Jim Kaat pitched consecutive complete-game wins, the first for the Twins since the opening two games of the year. Manager Sam Mele set a definite lineup—including Bill Tuttle at third—and stuck with it as the Twins climbed to eighth. They might have done better if, on successive days against Boston, Camilo Pascual and Bert Cueto had not continued their bad habit of tipping off their pitches. The Red Sox, with three homers by Frank Malzone, won both those games, their only victories of the week. Gene Green, Willie Tasby and Dile Long hit consecutive home runs for Washington in a game with Cleveland, after the Indians missed a first-inning double play. Washington won 8-5, but despite 11 homers in seven games they could only win three.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Bob Purkey of Cincinnati went on voluntary relief—the baseball kind—to a bullpen plagued by sickness, injury and overwork. Still, Chicago got 54 hits against the Reds, including 13 homers, scored 46 times and won three of four. In a game against the Cardinals the Cubs hit back-to-back singles in the first, consecutive doubles in the fourth, two straight triples in the fifth and two homers in a row in the sixth. Overall, the Cubs batted .358, had 22 home runs (equaling their total for the previous 28 games) and won five of six. Milwaukee did well, too, winning four of six as Lou Burdette won twice and Bob Buhl shut out St. Louis. The Cardinals' three big men—Stan Musial, Ken Boyer and Bill White—had just one RBI among them all week,



GOOD LITTLE MEN were Angela's Allie Pauson, who hit two homers against Yankees, and the Dodgers' Maury Wills, who batted .455.

Bill Virdon and Roberto Clement averaged one RBI in each of seven games as Pittsburgh won five. Bob Friend remained ineffective, and his record slipped to 8-9. Los Angeles was equally disappointed with Don Drysdale, who was driven from the mound for the 14th time in 16 starts. By winning three from the Phillies (making a 11 of 12 for the year) the Dodgers hung on to second, barely in front of San Francisco. After a 1-0 loss to Philadelphia, the Giants' manager, Al Dark, lost his temper—and part of his right pinky. His finger caught on a jagged corner of a metal stool as he threw it against the locker room wall. Following a 12-5 win over the Phillies, the Giants suffered an ignominious 7-7 tie in the longest (five hours 11 minutes) night game ever, Philadelphia's tying run scored in the 15th when Catcher Hobie Landrith's simple return toss to Philadelphi's Mike McCormick went unnoticed by the Giants' reliever and rolled past second base. Neither Dark nor Philadelphia Manager Gene Mauch would announce his starting pitcher for the first game of the next day's double-header. Billy O'Dell started for the Giants, faced one batter and was replaced. Mauch listed five pitchers in his lineup, then substituted for all before the first inning ended. Philadelphia's lone consolation—the Giants won three of four—was the fact that all this daffiness helped boost attendance.

TEAM LEADERS

NATIONAL LEAGUE	W	L	T	Tr	Runs	ER
Chi	20	2	0	0	3	20
LA	18	2	0	0	6	32
SF	17	2	0	0	3	39
Pit	16	2	0	0	3	33
Br	15	2	0	0	4	34
StL	14	2	0	0	5	23
Ch	13	2	0	0	7	27
PH	12	3	0	0	5	24

AMERICAN LEAGUE

W	L	T	Tr	Runs	ER
Det	24	0	0	2	37
NY	20	0	0	3	39
Ch	19	1	0	6	32
Cal	18	2	0	3	37
Chi	17	0	0	2	33
Br	16	1	0	3	34
W	15	1	0	5	37
Min	14	2	0	4	30
LA	13	1	0	4	32

THE SEASON (TO JULY 1)

TEAM	W	L	T	Tr
Batting (NL)	Albion, Chi	358	Moynihan, Pitt	218
Batting (AL)	Cash, Det	371	Williams, Balt	208
ERA (NL)	Jay, Cal	2.84	Craig, LA	3.58
ERA (AL)	Wheeler, Balt	1.80	Stallard, Bos	4.08

TEAM	W	L	T	Tr
Team Hts (NL)	Los Angeles	56	Philadelphia	34
Team Hts (AL)	New York	108	Kansas City	47
Team Hts (NL)	San Francisco	266	Philadelphia	250
Team Hts (AL)	Detroit	427	Washington	334
Team Hts (NL)	Cincinnati	670	Philadelphia	526
Team Hts (AL)	Cleveland	738	Kansas City	506
Team Hts (NL)	San Francisco	42	Pittsburgh	7
Team Hts (AL)	Chicago	48	Los Angeles	31

Based on data through Saturday, July 1

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

FAT IN THE FIRE

Sirs:
Herb Elliott's bitter blast at America's physical softness was rude and distressing (*American Are Mollified*, June 26). It also was true.

FRANK WORRE

Beaver, Pa.

Sirs:

A delightful and enchanting exposé of a sportsman's interpretations of American people and their hospitality both on and off the battlefield.

IRA B. HARVEY III

New Orleans

Sirs:

As I remember it, the neighborhood kid who always ran the farthest in the shortest time usually did so because someone was chasing him. This by no means made him superior in every way.

Since Mr. Elliott is no longer running as much as he used to, he has obviously found another and far less commendable outlet for his overdeveloped lungs.

TOM SAFFEN

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sirs:

Herb Elliott shot an arrow into the air, but he knows where it landed—snack-dab in the gut of the flabby American. Sadly, his shots, most of which were right on target, will be ignored or rationalized by too many fat-bellied and fartheaded Americans.

LEO W. FLANAGAN

Chicago

Sirs:

Why doesn't Mr. Elliott take a good look at some of the athletes we have produced and the ones we are now producing? After all, track isn't the only sport there is.

THOMAS JONES

Dorota, Pa.

Sirs:

A typical example of a critical foreigner—they don't have anything good to say about us, but they sure like to take our money home with them. I would like to offer Mr. Elliott a suggestion—stay home if we're too soft for you.

WILLIAM T. HILL JR.

Minneapolis

Sirs:

You have done a public service by publishing his statements.

ROBERT V. ELY

Roswell, N. Mex.

NO NEW BOBBY?

Sirs:

Did the British purposely schedule their Amateur weekend of our Open to prevent another American from making a Grand Slam?

HENRIETTA RYAN

New York City

● British golf authorities were trying to avoid May rain when they switched the tournament to June. Since few American amateurs in recent years have bothered to try for a Grand Slam, the British were both surprised and flattered by the concern over the unintentional conflict in dates. It won't, they vow, happen again.—ED.

HAIR WE MUST

Sirs:

After reading *The Oriental Martial Art of Karate* (June 26) I must say that I was shocked. It is quite obvious that Mr. Price has very little knowledge of the martial arts, and even less of karate. It is of course true that karate is dangerous and if used in the wrong way can kill or maim, but let us not forget that that is its purpose. It is not a parlor game for gentlemen, nor has it the rules of boxing. It is a method of self-defense, and if a defending one's life one must maim or kill another human being, so be it. It is also one of the best methods for becoming physically fit.

ROBERT A. BOGOSOFF

Flushing, N.Y.

● Or physically dead.—ED.

Sirs:

As a karate player of many years' experience, it seems my duty to educate Mr. Price to the fact that karate, in its true mean-

ing, can certainly never be learned with any degree of potential from a book, any book, even of the highest caliber.

CHARLES RITTENBERRY

Amarillo, Texas

Sirs:

My sincere congratulations go to Roger Price. His article contained as much truth as humor. Incidentally, I am still laughing.

O. JAY FUERN

Whittemore, Mich.

Sirs:

A screenshot!

T. J. MARIETTA

East Lansing, Mich.

SWEET AND SWEET

Sirs:

Oliver La Forge's *Flame on the River* (June 19), was one of the most understanding pieces we've ever read about rowing.

This distinguished gentleman has managed to set down for posterity the very meaning of that wonderful world of sweep and shell. It should be required reading for all prospective oarsmen.

CRAIG SWAYZE

St. Catharines, Ont.

'RAY FOR RAY

Sirs:

In his article, *The Young Pitchers Take Command* (June 26), Tex Maule neglected one of the National League's great young pitchers. At 20, Ray Sadecki has put in one fine season, and has started on another. At this point he has seven complete games, and an earned run average of less than 3.00. When Warren Spahn is gone, this young pitcher will be the standout left-hander of the National League.

DALE S. BOURDETTE

Milan, Pa.

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The University of Utah hasn't lost a Skyline tennis championship in seven years, and it has no intention of marring that record. It might seem, then, that Utah had a tough task to face this spring when Tennis Coach Theron Parmelee decided to retire. But not at all. Sitting virtually at courtside on Utah's campus was a man whose knowledge of the game of tennis was proved: during his spare time he had set up a tennis instruction program in Salt Lake City that already boasts 4,000 racket-happy youngsters.

The man was the university's own sports publicity director, Harry James, and without a moment's hesitation Athletic Director Bud Jack hired him as the new tennis coach. Neither Jack nor his new coach seemed to attach much, if any, importance to the fact that Harry James, a onetime Army tennis star, has been confined to a wheelchair since an attack of polio 16 years ago. "I don't know of anybody," says Athletic Director Jack of his new coach, "who thinks of Harry James as handicapped."

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POINT OF FACT

**As All-Star game quiz to excite the
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of the fans and the armchair experts**

1 Only two pitchers have won more than
once since the first All-Star game in 1933.
Who are they?

• Lefty Gomez was the winning pitcher in
1933, 1935 and 1937. Bob Feller won in
1956 and 1960 (first game).

2 Early Wynn has appeared in more All-
Star games than any other pitcher (seven).
What pitcher, however, has started the
most games?

• Lefty Gomez and Robin Roberts were
the starting pitchers five times. Gomez
started the 1933, 1934, 1935, 1937 and 1938
games for the American League. Roberts
started the 1950, 1951, 1953, 1954 and 1955
games for the National League.

3 Has any pitcher lost more than one game?

• Yes. Mort Cooper was the losing pitcher
in 1942 and 1943, Claude Passeau in 1941
and 1946 and Whitey Ford in 1959 (first
game) and 1960 (second game).

4 Has anyone ever had four or more hits
in one game?

• Yes. Joe Medwick hit two doubles and
two singles in the 1937 game. Ted Williams

continued



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POINT OF FACT

had two home runs and two singles in the 1946 game.

Who has appeared in the most games, has the most at bats, most hits, most runs, most home runs, most RBIs, most total bases?

• Stan Musial is the record holder for everything except RBIs (19 games, 57 at bats, 19 hits, 11 runs—med with Willie Mays, 6 home runs and 39 total bases). Ted Williams leads in RBIs with 12 in 18 games. He also has the most walks (11) and most strikeouts (10).

Ted Williams hit two home runs in the 1946 game. Has anyone else ever hit two homers in one game?

• Yes. Arky Vaughan in 1941 and Al Rosen in 1954.

Stan Musial pinch-hit a home run in the second 1960 All-Star game. What other players have pinch-hit homers?

• Mickey Owen (1942), Gus Bell (1954), Larry Doby (1954) and Willie Mays (1956).

What is the longest winning streak for each league?

• Four games. The American League won in 1946, 1947, 1948 and 1949. The National League then won in 1950, 1951, 1952 and 1953.

How do the two leagues stand in victories?

• The American League has won 16 games and the National League 13.

What manager has lost the most All-Star games?

• Casey Stengel in 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1956 and 1959 (first game). He also has the most wins (1954, 1957, 1958 and 1959, second game).

What player with 20 or more at bats has the highest All-Star game batting average?

• Charley Gehringer had 10 hits in 20 at bats for a .500 average. He is followed by Willie Mays (14 for 32, .438), Billy Herman (13 for 30, .433), Enos Slaughter (8 for 21, .381) and Nellie Fox (13 for 35, .371).

—MAURY ALLEN

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Pug in the poets' corner

Bob Gregson was a boxing bard who hit below the belt and bit and gouged in the clichés

by MITCHELL RAWSON

Prizefighters are a versatile lot who are likely to turn their hands to many things besides punching. Mickey Walker is a painter whose work has its admirers. Gene Tunney once lectured at Yale on Shakespeare. Hundreds of boxers have been actors on the stage and screen. Further back in history at least two fighters were prominent in politics. John Morrissey went to the U.S. Congress (1870) and John Gully to the British Parliament (1832).

And once there was a pugilist who was a poet.

He was not much of a poet but he was greatly cherished by Thomas Moore. His

name was Bob Gregson, and Moore wrote of him:

*For a short turn-up at a sonnet,
A round of odes, or pastoral bout,
All Lombard Street to nine-pence
on it,
Bobby's the boy would clean them
out!*

Gregson was a big man from Lancashire, standing 6 feet 1½ inches and fighting at 15 stone 6, or 216 pounds. He is said to have won many bare-knuckle battles before he went up to London. If Bob was not a great man in the ring, he was a tough and dangerous one. He fought two of the best men of his time for the championship of England. His first opponent inside the ropes of the classic London Prize Ring was John Gully, the future M.P. The two fought each other for 36 bloody rounds in a ring pitched on turf; it almost ended in

mutual exhaustion, but when they were both staggering like drunken men Gully managed to land a last feeble punch. Down went Gregson.

That was in October 1807. In the following May they confronted each other again. Once more Gully won, then announced his retirement.

This left the championship vacant, and it was agreed that Gregson should fight the promising Tom Cribb. They met in October 1808. After 23 rounds Gregson was unable to come up to the scratch and Cribb won.

Gregson retired and became a saloon-keeper. The Castle in Holborn, London, also known as Bob's Chophouse, was for several years the prime resort of the Fancy—including Tom Moore. And it was there that Bob began to display his poetic gift in the lyrics to be sung at sporting dinners.

Moore's favorite among these lyrics

continued

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Pug in the Poets' Corner continued

composed before the fight between Tom Cribb and Tom Molineaux, the American Negro challenger:

*... John Bull cries aloud,
We're neither poor nor proud,
But open to all nations, let them
come from where they will.
The British lads that's here
Quite strangers are to fear—
Here's Tom Cribb, with bangers
round, for he can them mull!*

Gregson was weak on scansion and syntax—but he had heart.

So delighted was Tom Moore with Bob and his writings that he even wrote



GREGSON WAS PUG, POET AND PUBKEEPER

several lyrics on his own and attributed them to "the Poet Laureate of the Fancy," as he called him. One of these forgeries was entitled *Lines to Miss Grace Maddox, the Fair Pugilist*. Miss Maddox was the sister of a fighter of the day named George Maddox. Grace would sometimes act as her brother's second and was handy with her own fists.

*Who would not prize, beyond
honors and pelf,
A maid to whom Beauty such
treasures has granted
That, oh, she not only has black
eyes herself
But can furnish a friend with
a pair, too, if wanted!*

In 1814 Bob left London. His last years were spent in Dublin, running another pub. He died in 1824, aged 46, and the poetry of the ring—as written by a fighter in the ring—died with him. **END**

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